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THE SILVER AND THE GOLD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY F. A. H.

Silver and gold, young head and old,
Oh, how we love the shining!
Under the trees in the soft breeze,
Silver and gold entwining.

Douglas, our boy, grandfather's joy,
Out in the soft, balmy weather,
Guileless of art, childlike in heart,
In the armchair together.

Once my head lay, where thine to-day
Rests, on thy grandfather's shoulder;
Mine was not gold, nor was his old
Then, and his step was bolder.

But 'twas his joy that I, his boy,
Had dark locks like another,
And features, too, and eyes of blue,
So like those of my mother,

"Who," he would say, had "gone away—
Not dead, for she was living,
And from above, in tenderest love,
To us her watch was giving."

And this would quell my wildest spell,
And make me docile, tender;
For her dear sake he e'er could make
Me any service render.

And then one day there came to stay
A little blue-eyed maiden
In cottage sweet, across the street,
With fragrant rose-vines laden.

And if these flowers, in those glad hours,
We gathered but to scatter,
It tree from guile, we loved the while
Each other, then what matter?

Since none were lost, though torn and tost
About with childish laughter;
For memory's bress wafts even sets like these
Adown through years long after,

And brings to-day those hours of play
To me with fragrance laden;
For Douglas, boy, our hope, our joy,
Your mother was that maiden.

You have her eyes, and in them lies
A depth of wondrous beauty;
Therein I see a little smile they wear,
Their strength to meet stern duty.

That little girl's bright, sunny curls
Methinks I see before me,
Though years a score, some less or more,
Have since those days passed o'er me.

Yet in my dreams they're like sunbeams
With kisses mixed, and posies,
Then showered on me in rapturous glee—
That's what I mean the roses.

The roses, oh! I love them so,
About our home-nest twining,
While through the leaves, waved by the breeze,
The soft, glad light is shining;

And at my feet two sunbeams meet
From gold to silver shading;
Are they but days' departing rays
Slow into twilight fading?

Or rather this, a threefold bliss
Unfolding world's treasures:
A soft ray shed iron each dear head
Of these, my earthly treasures?

Though golden gleam, or soft sunbeam,
Will silver intertwining,
It speaks to me of loved ones three—
This gold and silver shining.

In old armchair that guileless pair
(Pray angels must be near us!)
Here at my side that sweet girl-bride
(Listen! Don't you hear them?)

ONE NIGHT'S CRIME;

OR,

A FATAL PASSION.

(LA FILLE MAUDITE.)

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE RICHEBOURG, FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.

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PART THE SECOND.—OLD MARDOCHE.

CHAPTER XIX.—GREAT GRIEF.

On recovering her senses, Blanche, surprised to find herself stretched beneath the arbor, first looked about her with a bewildered air. But she remembered almost immediately what had happened. Then, giving vent to a shrill cry, she crouched upon her knees, and, rolling her head in her trembling hands, began to sob.

What a change a few moments had wrought in her situation! She felt as if she had become a nonentity, as if a chasm had opened suddenly at her feet and engulfed her. She saw herself alone, driven away, fleeing from the house where till then all had loved her—where, full of trust, believing what had been told her, her childhood had glided on in happiness and tranquility. It seemed to her that hostile voices were already pursuing her with their cries and curses, and these terrible words echoed lugubriously in her ears:

"That's Jean Renaud's daughter—that's the assassin's daughter, the felon's daughter!"

And she fled on to hear no more of these clamors, to escape from the mocking glances of the merciless world. She fled, seeking some obscure spot where she might hide her grief, her shame and despair.

"Go," she soliloquized, "the name that was given to me does not belong to me—I stole it. I was brought up, fed, clothed, and lodged out of charity. I have been deceiving everybody without knowing it, without wishing to do it. Smiles, bows, respect, affection, friendship—all that is given to *Mlle. Mellier* I am stealing. I am a living lie! Ah, unfortunate girl, unfortunate girl!"

However, when she had wept for some time she felt calmer. Then she rose, dried her eyes, and returned to the house.

On seeing her, the maid-servant could not refrain from a cry of surprise.

"Mercy on us, mademoiselle, how pale you are!" she said. "What has happened to you?"

"Nothing," replied Blanche sadly—"nothing."

She ascended the stairs and stopped before the farmer's door; her hand touched the brass knob, but her arm fell back to her side, and with a stifled cry she sprang towards the room, into which she precipitated herself, wild with grief, and shivering as if chilled with cold. Falling upon her knees, the pure and innocent child clasped her hands, and, turning her eyes to Heaven, implored the God of mercy to be clement towards the wretch who had smitten her so basely. She wept, and prayed long and fervently.

The sun went down. Seven o'clock struck. Rouvenat had returned. His first question had been to ask where Blanche was, and, on being told by the maid-servant that she was in her room, he had gone out to the stables.

A few moments before the time for the evening meal he was conversing with his master in the dining-room.

"Has not Mlle. Blanche come down yet?" he asked of the servant who brought in the soup-tureen.

"Not yet."

"Call her."

The servant hastened to obey, and, returning a few moments later, said to Rouvenat:

"I don't know whether mademoiselle heard me, but she didn't answer."

"I'll go fetch her myself," replied Rouvenat. And he left the dining-room.

All day long he had been agitated, troubled, as if he had a presentment of some misfortune. In the large dining-room, the farm-hands, Handsome Francois included, were at table.

One of them leaned towards his neighbor and whispered in his ear:

"That look at Francois; what a queer face!"

"He looks more cunning than usual," replied the other.

"You would really think he had just been doing some foul deed."

"Another crushed lily, you mean?"

And the two began to laugh.

Rouvenat opened the door of the young girl's room, and, entering, found her seated by the window, with her head bowed on her bosom.

"Blanche," he called softly.

She seemed to emerge from a dream, and sprang to her feet as if impelled by a spring.

Then Rouvenat beheld her distorted features, pale lips, her red, bedimmed eyes, tear-stained cheeks, and the disheveled hair falling over her shoulders, and a pang of anguish shot through his heart. He rushed towards her and threw both arms about her. She clung to him; her head fell upon the old man's breast, and she burst out sobbing.

"My God, my God!" he moaned, "why this great grief? What has happened to you?"

She drew herself up, placed her hands upon his shoulders, and, looking him full in the eyes, asked:

"Are you really my godfather?"

"Why do you ask me such a singular question?" he replied, with painful surprise.

"Ah! because I no longer know what to believe, because I suspect everything, everything! Answer, answer me, are you my godfather?"

"Certainly I am; it was I who gave you the name of Blanche. With my hand on your brow, before God and the priest who baptized you, I swore to love and protect you."

"That will do; I believe you. Now, tell me my father's name!"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at Rouvenat's feet, it could not have produced a more terrible effect; he recoiled, staggering like a drunken man.

"Ah!" she cried, "you dare not pronounce that name; it frightens you, it terrifies you!"

"What frightens me, Blanche," he rejoined in a quivering voice—"what terrifies me—is to see you thus, to hear your strange words."

"But you do not answer," she said mournfully.

"Why, bless me! you are my master's daughter—Jacques Mellier's daughter!"

"This morning I still believed it," she said, shaking her head; "but it is not so—it is a falsehood!"

"Unhappy child!" said Rouvenat, "whom have you seen—who has been talking to you?"

"No matter, since I know the truth."

"Oh, no, no, it's impossible; you have not been told!"

"What? That I was the daughter of a felon, of a murderer, the daughter of Jean Renaud, the assassin?"

Rouvenat dropped upon a chair, terrified. Blanche knelt down before him, took his hands, and covered them with kisses.

"You are the only one I have in all the world now," she said.

"Ungrateful child! And Jacques Mellier?"

"He is not my father; but you are my godfather."

"Both of us love you alike; you are the consolation and hope of his old age as well as mine."

"I should like to know the history of my unfortunate father," she resumed in a beseeching and tearful voice. "You will tell it me, will you not?"

Rouvenat shuddered. What could he do? Taken completely unawares, he had betrayed himself; he was driven to the wall, so to speak; therefore, to attempt to dissemble now would but aggravate the painful situation.

"Yes, my darling child; I will tell you his history," he murmured presently. "But not now, not now—oh, no, I can't tell it you now! Wait a little—wait a little, and you shall know it."

The young girl let her head fall upon his knees, and again the heart-rending sobs swelled her bosom.

"Oh, the wretch, the villain!" mumbled Pierre huskily.

"Hush! godfather, hush! do not profane the dead. As heinous as was his crime, we can only weep and pray for him now!"

Rouvenat sobbed in his turn. He took the young girl's head in his hands, and, stooping, glued his lips to her brow.

"Blanche, Blanche," he whispered, "you heard me say 'The wretch, the villain!' and you thought I referred to poor Jean Renaud. Oh! do not believe it! I was thinking of the miserable, dastardly hypocrite who vented his vile spite on you because he was baffled in his odious calculation. You need not tell me his name; I know it too well. Never fear; I'll square accounts with him. The scoundrel shall no longer pollute the air you breathe."

He rose with a sombre light in his eyes, and walked towards the door.

"I want to ask you something else," said Blanche, running after him.

"Very well; I am listening."

"They shot my father; where did they bury him?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Pierre, with a start, "you know that too! The villain! Child, child, he was not buried; when shot, his body fell into the river, and was never recovered. But there, ask me nothing more about him now. Have patience; I will tell you all by-and-bye, since you already know a part of the truth."

"But my mother, dear godfather," said Blanche, clasping her little hands imploringly. "You told me that her name was Genevieve."

And it was the truth."

"That she was dead."

"Yes; she died a few hours after your birth."

"Did she live far from here?"

"No; she lived at Civry, if you will know."

"And is my mother buried in the Civry cemetery?"

"Yes."

"Thanks; that is all I want to know."

"But why did you ask me that?"

"How! you do not understand that I wish to go to her grave and pray!"

"My God!" thought Rouvenat, "if I only dared to tell her——But no, not yet; later, when I can get up enough courage."

He left the room, descended the stairs hastily, and hurried into the private dining-room, where the old farmer was beginning to be astonished at Blanche's prolonged absence. At first he did not perceive that Rouvenat was pale and violently agitated.

"Well, isn't Blanche coming down?" he asked.

"Is she unwell?"

"Blanche is crying her eyes out; she is sorely distressed," replied the aged servant in a hollow voice.

"What is that you say?" cried Mellier, alarmed.

"A few moments ago," rejoined Pierre, "a wretch, taking advantage of my absence, acquainted her with the secret we have kept so carefully. She knows now that you are not her father, but that she is the daughter of Jean Renaud."

The old farmer drew up his tall figure, and the fire of bygone days again flashed from his eyes.

"And who dared to disclose that?" he asked hoarsely.

"Your cousin, Francois Parisel."

"Ah, as false and vile as his father!" hissed Mellier between his set teeth.

"I wait for you to tell me what to do," resumed Rouvenat.

"Are you not the master?"

"Francois is a relative of yours."

"I no longer know him; I have no relatives now; and I have but one friend—you—and but one daughter, who is my solace, whom I love, and to whom I wish to return the happiness which I took, like a thief, from the authors of her days. Francois Parisel has disturbed the happiness of our child; therefore he shall not remain here another hour, miserable cur, craven that he is! Turn him out, Pierre—turn him out!" with fierce energy; "and if he does not go quick enough, take your whip and lash him as you would a venomous brute!"

Then, leaving the small dining-room, he strode into the other, where Francois was just finishing his supper, and said to him sternly:

"Rouvenat has a word to say to you."

Whereupon he went up to the floor above, to the young girl's room. When he entered, Blanche took a few steps towards him, then stopped, not daring to advance further, and lowered her head coldly.

"Blanche, my child," said the old man, holding out his arms, "come and weep on Jacques Mellier's heart—your father's heart. Do you hear, my daughter?—your father's!"

Blanche threw herself in his arms, sobbing convulsively.

CHAPTER XX.—TURNED OUT.

Francois Parisel understood, by the tone in which the farmer had just addressed him, that the disclosure he had made to the young girl had produced its full effect. But, far from feeling a regret, his hateful heart rejoiced, and, knowing very well what Rouvenat was about to say to him, he prepared to put a good face on the matter. With head erect, eye bold, and his whole attitude full of defiance, he entered the small dining-room. Rouvenat stood by the table, with his hands behind his back, looking very calm.

"It seems you have something to say to me?" said Handsome Francois interrogatively in an impertinent tone of voice.

"Yes, Monsieur Parisel, I have indeed *something* to say to you," replied Pierre, still very calm.

"Well, then, make haste."

"I won't be long. Last month you received half of your yearly wages in advance, so nothing is due you—quite to the contrary."

"I know it. What are you driving at?"

"At this, Mons. Parisel: I need your services no longer. From this moment you cease to be employed on the farm. Go up to your room, take what belongs to you there, and be off!"

"So, so! you discharge me?" said young Parisel, with a forced smile.

"I do!"

"I have the right, it seems to me, to ask your reason for this unwarrantable step."

Rouvenat shrugged his shoulders.

"The reason is that I wish no more of you at Seuillon," he said coldly. "I discharge you because such is my pleasure."

"And what if I see fit not to go?" he retorted boldly.

"Foreseeing that case," replied Rouvenat, knitting his brows, "I have already thought of the means I should resort to in order to force you to pack off."

"Very well," rejoined Francois, trembling with rage, "I shall see to-morrow what is best to do."

"You shall go this very evening, monsieur!"

"You are in a great hurry, Mons. Rouvenat," he returned in a cunning tone, "charged person is usually allowed a week's grace."

"When he is not paid for it. You still owe us your services for two months to come; so you have nothing to complain of. To cut the matter short, you shall go, as I said, this very evening, because I do not choose to have you pass another night on the farm."

Handsome Francois bit his lips with rage.

"After all," said he sarcastically, "I am really too good a fellow to discuss with you; you are but a servant here, though you may always assume the right to speak in the name of Jacques Mellier, whose relative I am. When he orders me to pack off—well, I'll give the matter some consideration."

The door had opened and the farmer had just entered the room. His large hand fell upon Francois' shoulder, causing him to whirl round as if upon a pivot.

The old man had shaken off his lethargy; his eyes sparkled with anger. He drew himself up before the young peasant, saying austerely:

"When Jacques Mellier, whose relative you are, unfortunately, gives him his friendship, his confidence, his whole authority to Pierre Rouvenat, he knows him to be worthy of it; and he gives him this confidence and this authority forever. No matter what be the circumstance, he speaks and acts in his name. To-day, however, I must reproach Pierre Rouvenat, for he should have taken you by the shoulders ere this and hurled you out of the door, scoundrel, noxious beast that you are! You are not only a wicked relative," pursued the old man, raising his voice, "but a white-livered varlet! Possessing a secret which your father must have disclosed to you, you took delight in casting it as an insult into the face of a child in order to satisfy I know not what thirst for a low revenge. To strike at a woman, insult her in her misfortune—base in fine, to rejoice in her grief and despair—ah! that is worthy of a soul such as yours! And you said that you loved her, liar! Your filth-steeped heart does not know what a noble sentiment is; it contains but spleen and the vilest instincts! You deserve no pity, not even my contempt. Pity! I was wanting in that formerly; but, if I have any left, it is certainly not for you. Pierre Rouvenat discharged you; you gave him an insolent reply; I was there and overheard it. Well, now, it is *I*, Jacques Mellier, again the master, since it is necessary, who spits upon you and drives you away. You hear? I drive you away! In an hour from now you must be beyond the Seuillon lands. Perhaps you will give this order some consideration!" And, pointing to the door with an imperious gesture, he added in a voice of thunder: "Be off—out with you, serpent!"

Handsome Francois walked towards the door, losing none of the audacity of a revolting demon. He turned round on reaching the threshold, darted a threatening glance at the two old men, then disappeared.

"Rid of him at last," said Rouvenat.

"I should have followed your advice," said Mellier, "and kicked the wretch out long ago. I never examined him thoroughly till just now. There is something ominous in his look."

"I have always said he would end badly."

"But what does he want—what does he want?"

"What his father does—your fortune."

"I am not dead yet," murmured the farmer.

"Will the others return?" sighed Rouvenat. "And Blanche," he resumed, "you have seen her?"

"Yes; I consoled her a little. We will do the rest together. If she must be told the truth, Pierre, I shall not hesitate."

Rouvenat started.

"No, no," said he, "not yet. Isn't she going to come down?"

"She wishes to be alone; she will sup in her room."

At nine o'clock Handsome Francois left Seuillon with a small bundle on his back. On the bank of the river he met his father, who had come to prowl in the neighborhood of the farm. He told him of his exploits of the day, which had resulted in his expulsion.

"Yet I charged you to be prudent," said Joseph Parisel, with disguised displeasure, "and not to breathe a word of the secret to Blanche."

"What's the use of crying over spilt milk?" replied the son sullenly.

"Yes, but your folly may be very dear to us."

"We shall see about that!"

Parisel seized his son by the arm, and, stopping short, whispered:

"Did you see?"

"What?"

"A shadow gliding through the trees."

"I saw nothing at all. I don't believe in ghosts."

"But I'm sure I was not mistaken."

"Nonsense! You saw, as I saw now, the moving shadow of that poplar shaking in the wind."

* * * * * * *

The clock in the belfry at Fremicourt was striking the hour of nine, when Mardoche arrived on the little square in front of the church.

Edmund left a tree against which he was leaning, and advanced to meet him.

The old man took his hand.

"Have you been waiting long?" he asked.

"No; but I am anxious to knew why you made this appointment with me. What are you going to do? Where are we going?"

"My young friend," replied Mardoche, smiling, "you must learn to be patient. Is not the prospect of a walk on such a beautiful night already something? The good folks of Fremicourt are about to go to bed; in half an hour they will be sleeping the sleep of the happy; nothing will be stirring in the village but the cats. Country people care little for the freshness and perfumes of a starry night; on the other hand, they love to behold the sun that tans the face, warms the earth, and ripens the cereals. As for me, I prefer the moon; her light is discreet. See how beautiful she is. The sun is too brilliant for me. I perceive my misery less at night, and if I am seized with a longing to weep I can do so without restraint and without fear of being seen or heard. You see that house facing you?" he continued. "A moment ago there was an open window there, with a light in it. The window has just been closed and the light put out. That is what I was waiting for. Young man," he resumed very gravely, after a short pause, "now think of your mother and question your memory. Suppose we are in December. It is cold, overcast, dark—a frightful December night. Your mother leaves Saint-Irun; she takes the road to Fremicourt; the north wind is whistling in the trees; the snow is falling. She arrives here, on this square, before the church. You are walking by her side, holding her hand, or she is carrying you in her arms. Where is she going? Where are you going? Come, follow me."

They walked on for some minutes in silence. Presently Mardoche opened a door, or rather a gate, and they entered a walled inclosure.

The moon lighted up dark clumps of trees, bringing out in bas-relief the white tombstones that studded the ground.

"A cemetery!" whispered Edmund, starting.

He began to breathe hard; but, without understanding anything as yet, he continued to follow the old mendicant, who paused finally at the wildest and most desolate spot in the burying-ground.

The moon threw all her light into this corner, and fell full upon a large gray stone, from which a strange hand had removed the tall grass, briers and ivy.

"You see that stone?" said Mardoche, touching the young man on the arm.

"Yes."

"It bears an inscription. Stoop and read."

Edmund obeyed, and read in a quivering voice:

EDMUND BURNS,
Assassinated
June 24, 1850.

CHAPTER XXI.—ON A GRAVE.

Edmund started back all at once, and looked at Mardoche with a bewildered air.

"It pains you, my son," resumed the latter, "a stranger in this section was assassinated on the road between Fremicourt and Civry. This young man had hired a room by the month at Saint-Irun of Bertaux, the uncle of the Bertaux you know. Why he had come to Saint-Irun, why he was on the road at ten o'clock at night, and there received a ball full in the breast, I do not at liberty to tell you. It was his destiny to end thus. Ah! he was not born under a lucky star! He might have been twenty years of age. He was a tall and handsome young fellow, well educated, of elegant manners, the possessor of a noble heart—your counterpart—and his name, as you see, was Edmund, like yours."

"Well, well?" stammered Edmund, clutching the old man's arm.

"Young man," continued Mardoche, "uncover yourself; you are on your father's grave!"

Edmund's hat fell to the ground, and raised his hand quickly to his forehead.

"I recollect, I recollect," he said in an oppressed voice, "that night in December! I knelt at my mother's side before this stone. She prayed and wept."

Mardoche's eyes twinkled.

"This is the last proof I needed," he soliloquized. "Doubt is no longer possible."

Edmund had dropped upon his knees, and, with his head in his hands, seemed to be praying.

"Come," said Mardoche presently, touching him on the arm, "it is time to go."

The young man picked up his hat and rose with a painful sigh. They moved away in silence, passing though the clumps of trees, gliding by the dark tombstones, and left the cemetery, the gate of which Mardoche closed again behind him. They took a cross-road, which led them out of the village into the open country, where they might talk without fear of being overheard. Edmund was impatient to question the old man.

"Mardoche, you knew my father?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Intimately?"

"No; I saw him but twice—at the moment of his death, and the next day when he was a corpse."

The young man buried his face in his hands.

"At the moment of his death," he resumed after a short silence, "did he speak to you?"

"Yes."

"Ah! tell me what he said, tell me."

"That was nineteen years ago; I have forgotten."

"You have not forgotten, Mardoche; you do not wish to tell me any thing."

"Maybe. In that case, do not ask me what I think it my duty to conceal. If I do not tell you at once all I know, it is because I have good reasons for keeping quite. Have patience. The moment will come when you will know all, learn all. In a few days you will probably know things that I an ignorant of myself."

"By what means, if you refuse to tell me?"

"Listen. There exist papers that belonged to your father; what they contain I do not know. Perhaps they will reveal to you the secret which you are naturally so anxious to ascertain."

"And these papers, Mardoche, do you know where they are?"

"Yes; they are hidden in a hole beneath the rubbish of a tumble-down house in the village of Civry. We will go after them together."

"At once, Mardoche, at once."

"No, to-morrow night. I must get implements to remove the stones."

"I do not dare to question you further, Mardoche; yet——"

"I understand your curiosity. Well, what else do you want to know? Question; perhaps I can answer you."

"Did you know my mother?"

"Yes, I knew her. She was twenty years old then; she was the best and prettiest woman in the land, and, like Mlle. Blanche, called the Damsel of Seuillon."

"Do I resemble her or my father?"

"In features you resemble neither."

"Ah! Mardoche, did my mother belong to the neighborhood of Saint-Irun?"

"Not exactly; but she was born in Franche-Comte."

"Since you knew her, you must have known her family also?"

"Yes."

"Have I still relatives in Franche-Comte?"

"Yes."

"Ah! it was God who placed you in my path! Tell me, Mardoche, what is the name of my family?"

"Impossible; that is a secret I dare not meddle with."

The young man bowed his head sadly, and after proceeding a few steps resumed:

"Let us talk about my father, Mardoche."

"Very well."

"He did not belong to Franche-Comte?"

"No; he was a stranger here. Whence came he I could not tell you."

"Did the police never find his family?"

"No."

"Since he was assassinated, he must have had an enemy, perhaps several, in this section?"

"I told you he was a stranger."

"Be it so. But what, then, was the motive of the horrible crime?"

"On that score I can only tell you what I know by hearsay. It was said that the assassin had committed the crime merely for robbery."

"And was the wretch caught? Did he suffer the full penalty of the law?"

"Oh, they soon found him! But he was killed the next day in attempting to escape from the gendarmes."

"The justice of God!" exclaimed Edmund. "What was the wretch's name?"

"Jean Renaud," said Mardoche, trembling.

"Oh, I shall never forget that accursed name!"

Mardoche smiled mournfully.

"Was the monster a native of Fremicourt?" the young man then queried.

"No; but he belonged to the vicinity."

"Was he married?"

"Yes; to a worthy young girl of Civry."

"And this girl?"

"I left the country at that time, so I don't know what became of Jean Renaud's daughter."

"Before we separate, Mardoche, I should like to ask you about one more thing. I told you that a man, a peasant, had come to see my mother when she was stopping at Bertaux's; and I added that I believed the twelve thousand francs found by Jerome Greluche in the leather bag had been given to her by that man. Do you believe it?"

"I am sure of it."

"Then you know him also, Mardoche—the man who held me upon his knees and kissed me?"

"Yes, I know him."

"Oh! I entreat you, tell me where he lives, tell me his name."

Mardoche remained mute.

"You do not answer me," urged the young man.

"My silence was my answer, Mons. Edmund," replied Mardoche.

"Oh! that mutched secret!"

"You will know it soon enough. You already know all that I could tell you; let that do you for the moment. We will meet again to-morrow evening, at eight o'clock."

"Where?"

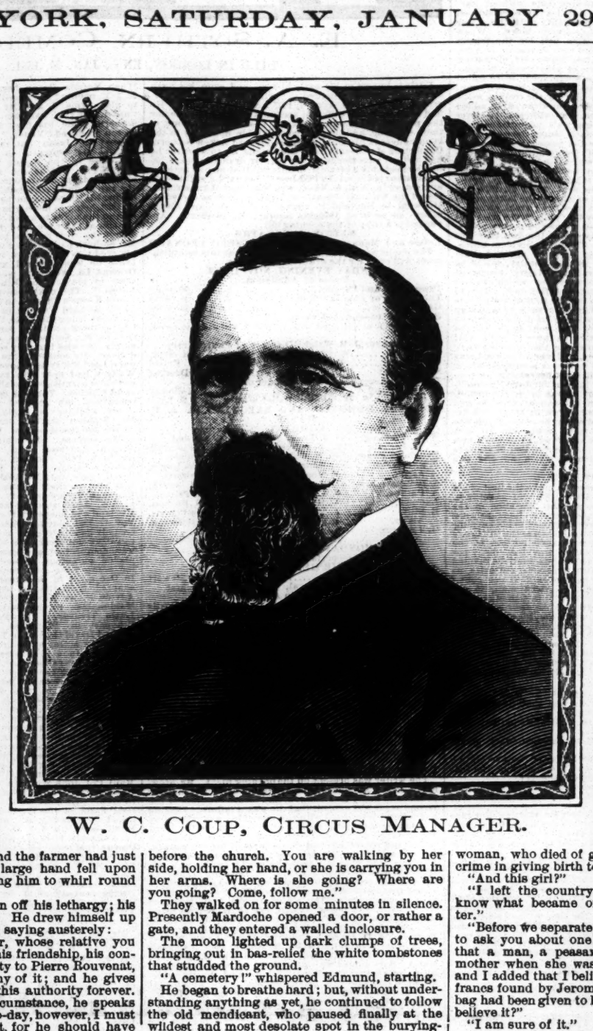
"On the Fremicourt bridge."

"I shall be there. But I forgot to tell you that you are to bring me a message to Fremicourt to-morrow from Mlle. Blanche."

"Ah!" said Mardoche, astonished. Then he added quickly: "I shall see Mlle. Blanche to-morrow morning; it she gives me a letter for you I'll deliver it to you in the evening."

TO BE CONTINUED.

W. C. COUP



W. C. COUP, CIRCUS MANAGER.

has been in the circus business for many years. In the sixties he married, and it was a part of the compact that he should quit traveling. This for a time he did, settling in Delevan, Wis., where he purchased a farm, supplied it with live stock, built a cheese-factory, and also purchased an interest in the village-bank. Being in Chicago, Ill., one day in 1869, he met Dan Castello the clown, and told him he could make a few thousand dollars by chartering a propeller and taking a circus around the lakes, where there were many large towns which had never been visited by that kind of a show. Castello, who was favorably impressed with the idea, importuned Mr. Coup to join in the speculation, until he finally consented to do so. It then became necessary for Mr. Coup to travel with the show and watch his interests. The season proved profitable, and after its close, as they had considerable show property on hand, Mr. Coup proposed to his partner that he should visit New York City and endeavor to induce P. T. Barnum to once more enter the circus business. After several weeks of consultation, Mr. Barnum, who had been out of show life about four years, consented to enter into the enterprise; but after the investment of many thousand dollars he came near abandoning it. They had telegraphed to Europe for wild animals, many of which were shipped in the steamship Erie, which should have made the trip from Hamburg in about fourteen days. Sixty days elapsed before intelligence was received that the vessel had broken her screw and put into St. Thomas, W. I., for repairs. All of the animals, save one rhinoceros, which reached this port in safety, had been killed. Here was a dilemma, as cuts had been engraved, bills printed, wagons and cages built, tents prepared, etc. In the meantime they had arranged to purchase a menagerie which had traveled here; but before consummating the bargain they again telegraphed to Europe and found out that they could get another supply of animals in time, which they did. The first season (1870) the Barnum Show traveled by wagons and eighty horses. The second season they traveled by rail, visiting only the larger cities, going as far West as St. Joseph, Mo., as far North as St. Paul, Minn., and they returned East through Canada. During their third season, (1872) after their Summer tour, they started a large show through the South, and on Nov. 18 opened a season in the Hippotheatron, in Fourteenth-street, in this city. The show in the South proved a losing speculation, and Mr. Barnum and Mr. Coup went to New Orleans, La., paid off the company and closed the season. While they were there they received a telegram that the Hippotheatron was destroyed by fire on Dec. 24, 1872. In January, 1873, they decided to put another large show on the road, and during the tenting season they visited all of the principal cities in the North. They then became convinced that in order to continue to successfully cater to the public the nature of the show must be changed. The removal of the railroad depots from the block bounded by Madison and Fourth avenues and Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets offered an admirable site for a hippodrome, which after considerable difficulty was secured, and after much opposition a suitable edifice was erected and opened to the public April 27, 1874. The first season closed Aug. 1; a second season was opened Nov. 2, which terminated Feb. 27, 1875. During the Summer they had a large show on the road. Mr. Coup was suffering from overwork in getting the hippodrome open, and, his physician having ordered rest, he with his family made a tour of the continent of Europe during the Summer of 1875, and on Nov. 26 all the property of the Barnum Universal Exposition Company was sold by auction in Bridgeport, Ct., and Mr. Coup retired from it. In the Spring of 1876 Mr. Coup formed a copartnership with Charles Reiche, and built the Aquarium, at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-fifth street, in this city, which was dedicated Oct. 11. Later they built a similar edifice at Coney Island. Mr. Coup, after a couple of years, disposed of his interest in both establishments to his partner, and started out on the road with a show consisting of the Broncho horses, which had been an attractive feature at the Aquarium, the Jackitschys Japanese Troupe, a number of performing dogs and goats, a den of performing animals, a trained giraffe, a devilfish, and, for advertising purposes, a tally-ho coach drawn by four horses. Mr. Coup has each successive tenting season since then increased his attractions, and during the past season was the proprietor of one of the largest shows that traveled by rail, and one of the most successful.

THE FAME UNSOUGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Once there lived in an age unrecorded,
In a land far over the sea,
A poet, whom nobody lauded,
Whom few even knew to be;
A poet whose fancy forever soared
Among the stars, whose soul outpoured
Itself in stately measures, stored
With learning and the fruit of thought.
Ah, patiently and long he wrought,
And always sang in lofty strains
Of deeds heroic, war's red stains,
And all the glory valor gains.

Thus, while he sang, the years unrecorded
Passed over the poet's head;
And still there was no one his work applauded—
But few his lines ever read.
Then the fire, which long in his soul had blazed,
Was quenched at last; and, perplexed, amazed,
With weary brain and aching heart,
He turned him from his cherished art.
The love of right, the hate of wrong,
These have I woven in my song,
These have I sung in measures strong:
But lo! my name is all unknown—
I thought to write it in letters of gold—
But wearily the years have flown,
Till now, when the singer is gray and old,
His story remains forever untold!"

Then, as indeed most natural seemed,
The poet's sorrow found a tongue
In song—not such as he had dreamed
Would bring him fame, when he was young,
But only simple strains, which told
The anguish of a heart grown old
In waiting for the buds of promise
Their leaves in fragrance to unfold.
When lo! the world caught up the strain,
And sang it once, and yet again,
Until the unknown poet's name
Was writ in letters of deathless fame!

THE ELEPHANT TRAINER'S SECRET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY NATHAN D. URNER.

"Animal training isn't what it used to be, by a long shot! You see, nowadays they profit by all the mistakes and experiments that went before, while back in the old show-days—say between fifty and sixty years ago—we had to rough right in pretty much on our own hook, and study the creatures' natures, and try this and that, and risk our lives, and take our chances of killing or curing, or being killed or cured ourselves, without any book-learning, or other instruction of any account, to go by. Especially is this true with elephant training."

These remarks were made not long ago to a crowd of interested loungers drawn about the roaring open fireplace of an old-fashioned country tavern but a short distance from New York. The speaker was Squire Sim Roper, a very old man and long a resident of the village, who was well known to have been a traveling showman during his earlier and better years, but who had only rarely descanted on his own experiences.

"Were you a trainer of all sorts of wild animals, as well as elephants, Squire?" I asked, secretly rejoicing at finding him in an apparently reminiscential mood, and at once ordering something hot all round, the better to loosen his tongue.

"Not but elephants were my specialty," replied the Squire, stirring up the crushed apple in his toddy with a thoughtful air, but momentarily growing more genial. "In fact, I may be said to have topped off on elephants. However, I never owned but one in my life. My experience with that one sufficed for a lifetime."

I begged him for the story, and, as my petition was reinforced by pretty much everyone else around the fire, together with a renewal of the toddy, and promises of more to come, the old gentleman gradually thawed out, with the following result:

"I was born in Lancashire, England, nearly eighty years ago, as many of you are doubtless aware," he began: "but, as many of you are *not* aware, I entered the show-business before I was eighteen, or, say, sixty years ago. There was none of your gigantic combinations, linking the elements of circus and menagerie, in those days. Things of that sort were distinct, and on a mighty small scale, comparatively speaking. The show that unbusheled my particular luminary was 'Mopsy's Caravan and Wild-animal Collection from Forest, Field and Jungle, together with Rajah, the Hugest and the Only Parti-colored Elephant of the Cingalese Species ever Subjected to the Intelligence of Man.' That is the way the ridiculous old concern was generally billed, for advertising exaggeration was quite as well understood then as now, and with a blamed sight softer public to take it in. We did a steady paying business for several years among the provinces, and I rose in the profession. At the same time, though, I fell deeper and deeper in love with Gillian Mopsy, the old man's only child, to the threatened ruin of my permanent peace of mind. Jilly—or Jill, as she was mostly called—reciprocated the ardent to the full, but for a long time the old man, who was a regular old family tyrant, with the poor girl right under his thumb, wouldn't think of me as her suitor. She hadn't a mother to stand up for her, and Aunt Polly (property-woman, and always billed as the Donna Aldabella di Jaffiero when she entered the lion's cage, spangled, painted and boddiced fit to kill, along with Don Manuel Santiago di Jaffiero, as old Mopsy himself was called, in the great and daring Jungle Act) filled the place of one in an ironclad sense; and, between the father and the aunt, our dove-cooing rehearsals were few and far enough between to have changed the infrequency of angelic visit-paying of every description. But one day, after I had been four years with the show, and was pretty well up in the training secrets so far as every wild brute was concerned, with the single and notable exception of the Rajah, old Mopsy caused me a surprise that was at first agreeable and then embarrassing.

"'Sim,' says he, 'you're honest and enterprising, and I've made up my mind to give Gillian to you, on a certain condition.'

"'You just take my breath away, sir,' says I, with my heart in my throat and brine in my eyes. 'Any condition short of soul-selling—be it by fire or water—I'm all for it, with Jill as the prize, sir. Name yours, if you please.'

"'It's nothing to do with the drowning or devouring element,' says he, 'and your soul will remain intact, though as to whether the same may be said of your hide and bones must remain a question veiled by futurity's cloud. It's simply the mastering of old Rajah.'

"'Lor', sir!' was all that I could gasp for the time being.

"'Yes, it's come to just that,' says he, melancholy like. 'You know how I stand with that drunken Royal Joggins, and I'm sort of Damocles-like as he's held suspended over me for all these years, through his possessing the only training secret that can get any obedience out of Rajah. You know how I've suffered through him. Well, ribbon my tent, if I'm going to stand it any more! He's drunk from morning till night, and now what do you suppose the old bloat demands when he hears of my projected tour to America? Why, dash, dash, dash it all! he demands one-third of my gross profits for going along with Rajah—and that, after skinning me out of two-pounds-ten a week for five years past, to say nothing of the 'arf-an'-'arfs, flips and quenchers left for me to liquidate at every tap-room within gunshot of our centre-pole! Blast his eyes, I'll get even with him, and you're the man to help me do it, Roper!'

"My first astonishment being somewhat mastered by this time, I shook my head sadly.

"'It's no go, Mr. Mopsy,' says I. 'In spite of his worthlessness in everything else, Joggins is the only man who can manage Rajah.'

"'But can't you try to supplant him with such a bribe as Jilly for a wife and a one-fourth partnership in the show, along with me and Polly?' says he. 'Look how you've improved with the critters! Stripey, the Royal Bengal, is afeard of you now; you've got the run of the cage of the rangatangar and the zebry; and, even with old Jumbo, the lion, you'd be as safe in the Jungle-act as myself or the donna.'

"The temptation is huge, it is dazzling, Mr. Mopsy,' said I; 'but the risk remains as a tripper to ambition's vaulting leap. It's one thing to tackle Stripey or Jumbo when they're drugged drowsy with narcotics, and you've got chain-armor under your clothes for 'em to blunt their teeth and claws on when they're forgetful of the red-hot pokers and meat-axe treatment of shortly before; and it's one thing more to scare the sick ape, which passes for an ourang-outang, and the dyed-in-the-hair donkey, which foists himself as a zebra on an unsuspecting public, with a big ox-whip knotted in with brad-awls and busk-shot; but it's another and widely different thing, Mr. Mopsy, to tackle Rajah without knowing the secret with which Joggins alone gets him under. Think of the former trials made by Spelton, Greening and poor Schimmerhaas the Dutchman, and what they resulted in.'

"'True,' says Mopsy disconsolately; 'Rajah killed 'em all, every one of 'em, besides trampling the Dutchman into unshapeliness! Well, with a deep sigh and rising, 'I suppose I must give in again to Joggins, that's all.'

"Now, it happened that, just at this minute, Jilly herself peeped in at me through the tent-flap of the dressing-room, outside of which this conversation had been taking place. I saw that she had overheard everything, and her pretty eyes were red with weeping, as though she considered my last chance of winning her thrown away. That decided me.

"'Hold on! I'll do it, Mr. Mopsy,' says I, setting my teeth. 'Leastways, I'll watch and study and haunt Joggins like his shadow till I possess his secret of power, if it takes a twelvemonth, and then bust him, live or die, and always with Jilly and a fourth partnership in view.'

"'I had no sooner said this than Jilly slipped away, with a hopeful brightening in lips and eyes, while her father grabbed me by the hand, and almost shook it off.

"'You'll do it, I know you will, Sim, just as sure as Jilly Mopsy shall one day be Jilly Roper,' says he heartily. 'I'll go on making arrangements for the American tour, so as to set sail in six weeks. Do you but master Joggins' secret before we reach Boston, and I'll have the supreme satisfaction of giving him the sack in a foreign country, with arf-an-arfs muddy and spirits high-priced!'

"But I'd gone into a risky piece of business. Elephant-tamers were even fewer than tame elephants in those days, and Rajah, with a long record of actually killed and maimed to his account, was noted as the most ill-tempered and dangerous brute of his species in all Europe. His part-color was all nonsense, of course; the spots and blotches on his sides, legs and head being nothing more than dried-up sores and wounds filled in with red-lead and indigo, though the public were

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1881.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

(For answers to amusement questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record.")

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

C. J. W., Princeton.—THE CLIPPER has never, either conditionally or unconditionally, awarded the football championship to Yale; nor has the editor of THE CLIPPER taken any part in deliberations tending towards such a decision. On the contrary, he has declined to render a decision when asked for one by friends of one club or the other, not caring to prejudice the case; and has ever so trained from expressing an opinion further than to say, editorially, about two months ago, that a club cannot, in the event of a tie, retain the championship merely in virtue of having held it the prior season. The editor of THE CLIPPER is not in any sense responsible for the doctrine recently laid down, on an appeal and argument in behalf of Yale, that it is "an inviolable law" of sport that, before a party can be declared entitled to receive forfeit he must, on the day appointed for the contest, go to the place chosen for the contest, and there formally claim forfeit of the referee, who must, more wonderful still, render his decision on that particular day in order to give it any binding force. These are theories that fit the Princeton-Yale case with surprising nicety, but they are not "inviolable laws of sport." The editor of THE CLIPPER believes in making referees of too much importance, nor in hustling or hurrying them in the matter of making decisions. With the individual opinions of the managers of THE CLIPPER its editor has nothing to do, and by a parity of reasoning his editorial opinion has not necessarily to be their individual one.

O. M. A. AND OTHERS.—The bet cannot be decided. It is based upon what is simply a matter of individual taste; and the taste of any one individual could be affected by the circumstance of his being either a writer for the press or a practical printer. Were we, as a writer, inclined to make a paragraph or leader on the question, as a practical printer we should fall down upon the notion, since to make the indention would force us, for the sake of typographical neatness, to run the matter "long" on the publishing book, which, as it stands, is either too short or too long to admit of the line beneath being indented as much as the line beginning with "contrary," and uniformly would require the indented insertion.

CLIPPER HANK, St. Louis.—1. Players do not order partners to play the same game. In a player says: "Take it up—I play alone," everybody around the board knows what he means, and it is unreasonable for anyone to dispute the right of the opponent to go alone. 2. It would be about as bad were B to say, as you suggest: "Turn it down—I go alone," for a card turned down is one that cannot be seen, and, after having turned down, B could scarcely prove his right to make it a heart if asked what he was going alone on after having ordered a heart played.

OWL CLUB.—1. If you will state the precise nature of the dispute, we may be able to settle it. So far we can say only that the ground upon which the Fifth-avenue Cathedral stands has been owned for many a year by the Catholic Church of this diocese. 2. There was no such thing as United States money known or thought of nothing party so early as 1832. It came into prominence in this city and in Philadelphia about 1843-4, did not acquire any importance in any quarter until after the first time it bore a part in but one Presidential election—that of 1856, when Millard Fillmore was its candidate.

J. C. WRANKE.—The rule itself, not your interpretation of it. There are "rules" in public rooms, and these, again, there are rules. We have never seen a proposition to limit Daniel Stuart to a mere 4 pin off the spot. It must be knocked down, as nothing but what is knocked down counts. There is a rule that a player is entitled to leaning in that way; but there never is a barto such torture in this rule: "To count a pin, it must be either knocked down or removed two full inches from its position, in which case it will be counted, even though it maintains the perpendicular."

W. T. S., New Sharon.—1. There is a game of dominoes played in that way, on that principle; but it may be said that there is no game at anything that is not played in several ways, according to individual fancy. It is not a standard game, and there is no standard to it. 2. We do not know, but will endeavor to ascertain, if the matter is of any importance; or perhaps you had better write, as we would have to do, to the general office of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Philadelphia.

O. E., Lynn.—The statement being as follows: "B bets A that he is not obliged to leave any unless he wishes, and also that there is no game of dice known that is played that way," the bet is a draw. These parties were playing the ordinary game, and all the dice could be picked up and thrown again until the three throws were completed. So far, B is right. But in handicapping his bet with the remainder of his proposition he was wrong, for there is a game of dice in which one "bone" would have to be left.

J. C. OLUSH.—Dan Donnelly defeated Geo. Cooper in Ireland Nov. 13, 1818. He had title visited England, and, being verbally challenged by Sutton (colored) at Gregson's benefit, April 1 of that year, to fight for £50 a side, he soon afterwards challenged any man in England to fight for from £100 to £500. A match was made with Tom Oliver for 100 guineas, which was decided at Chorley, Eng., May 31, 1819. Donnelly winning in 34 rounds, 1 hour 10 minutes.

M. R., St. Louis.—There is such a rule; but it was adopted specially for a tournament, and is without application in any game not for the particular championship for which it was designed. Anyone can adopt it with the consent of his antagonist in a match or in an ordinary game on a billiard-table, but no one can have it forced upon him.

A. W. S., Alpharaio.—Pedro is not a call game. It is a show game, and the order of counting out is as follows—high, low, jack, game, and pedro, irrespective of the time at which any of the points are take in. Ace wins if the game is sancho-pedro, sancho counts in between game and pedro.

INQUIRER, Des Moines.—1. The pin counts if it was knocked two or more inches from its spot. 2. It counts if it leans over when its base is two or more inches from its spot, but not if it is merely inclined when its base is within the mains off. 4. A pin leaning up against the cushion is a pin down.

J. D., Chicago.—1. No. The order of counting is high, low, jack, game, sancho and pedro. 2 To count the game point it may be necessary to play all the cards out. 3. If Snakes make a pile and one of the players has his hand, but not with one from the board, can build the pile to ten.

JOHN FRASER, Rhode Island.—From information gleaned from an English work, we are under the impression that the decision was according to rule. When we receive further information on the subject we shall be pleased to communicate with you through this column.

W. J., Chatham.—1. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1881, which we do not send C. O. D. 2. The record of a horse is what it accomplishes in public. Its performances in private are anything that somebody in charge of it is pleased to put in his pocket.

J. W., Tiptop Mine.—It is our impression that the same form of naturalization that was in use here in the United States was adopted by the Confederate Congress on March 11, 1861, when its permanent Constitution was chosen. We cannot answer without research that point.

CORINTH, Boston.—"Gentleman," originally, meant a genteel man, which to-day is but one of its meanings, as to all of which see Webster or Worcester's Unabridged or abridged Dictionary. We have not the space to spare for such matters.

O. A. MCMANN, Louisiana.—1. James Hamill, once champion sculler, was born in Pittsburg, Pa., was a glassblower by trade, and died in that city Jan. 10, 1876. 2. Edward Hanlan was born in Canada, never resided in Pittsburg, and is not a glassblower.

K. F., Pittsburg.—We do not care to decide the bet, not deeming the solution that has been published as at all reliable. There were foreign born who called themselves natives, and when they "repeated" they were quite apt to call themselves foreigners.

T. B., San Francisco.—There is no point in cassino that has precedence in counting out. The first player to reach the game is skunked, and at once. The fact that A is making made the full complement, neither is out in the absence of a call.

P. D., Hill City.—No such race in that month is mentioned in our files. Races left this city on Sept. 30, 1877, for San Francisco, and it is not likely that he stopped on the way for business. He made his home with Mr. Eastern at Fleetwood, here, the latter having gone in saddle.

J. M., Winchester.—1. Andrew Johnson was impeached. He was the person who participated in the trial after his impeachment. 2. The Victoria Bridge, across the St. Lawrence River, is nearly two miles long. 3. See the card of Mr. James.

S. F. L., Jamestown.—The party loses who named the three kings. What he meant was that the other had not made but less than three kings, which, of course, he had to be held. He undertook to name the winner's betting hand, not a part of the cards he was betting on in.

L. C. S., Chicago.—Schaefer was never beaten as billiard champion. He was challenged but once. His time expired, and thus he became ex-champion without being defeated.

DAVIE, Shreveport.—The first bettor cannot bet five dollars and raise five dollars at the same time, whether it be five dollars or five hundred dollars. There is no limit at all. He would be raising himself, which would be absurd.

WHISKEY POKER.—The moment it was turned up, it ceased to be a card, and became a known hand. No one could take it in its entirety. All could pick from it one card at a time until the game was closed.

RAY.—Reuben Walker fought near Pennsylvania, N. J., Aug. 31, 1876. Walker died on the way back to Philadelphia. "Reuben was then in his twenty-third year, and weighed 123lb.

NO SIGNATURE.—"Everything goes as she lays." The dealer is right. Besides, if he says he is the highest hand about settled. Every bone of faro may now be regarded as a law unto itself.

REST-END HOTEL, Pittsburg.—1. If B has 58 and a scratch on the board, and A has none, the latter wins the game as soon as he gets 59. 2. Eight balls will make A winner.

P., New Orleans.—1. It was a valid carom. 2. "Scratch" does not mean to bar. It means simply to withdraw the horse as one of the entries, after which bettors draw in accordance with name scratch him.

A. B.—There is now no one in this city who makes a business of giving lessons in billiards. Herve Bonnaz, who is at the corner of Smith and Fulton streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., can give lessons in this city. Address him.

J. M. T., Summit City.—The popularity of Psalm is not at all to be compared, as to merit, with Job. We cannot undertake to examine particular books upon such matters.

ATHLETIC.—We have never kept a record of time made in rowing races between other than shell-boats. 2. It was a race between six oared shells.

J. W.—It is not a supposititious case to start with, suppose it be so continued to the end, and that the parties do their own arithmetic!

STUDENT.—There is a vast difference between cubic feet and square feet. Any arithmetic or dictionary will explain it to you.

INQUIRER, Hudson.—We do not know how much he was worth, and reports as to such a matter are practically valueless.

F. H. W., Cleveland.—The billiard-players of Philadelphia were among the first to officially exclude the pushshot from public contests.

BLOOD'S RISEN.—Capital punishment has not been abolished in England. Public executions are no longer the fashion there.

OLD READER, Chicago.—You win the bet. It, asked whether you knew aught as to the result, you had denied that you had, the bet would have been void.

P. P. A.—Neither wins. The one who was first to get 21 should have called out at once. "First call, first out." There is no necessity of making out all the cards.

J. G., Yonkers.—If you called the pile "threes," he could not build it to anything. If you called it "six," he could build to seven or higher.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Little Rock.—1. The feat has been performed more than once. 2. The turf can be cooked in any way desired.

C. E., Chicago.—The three deuces and the two aces beat the three sixes, whether the game was poker-dice or cardpoker.

A SHOEMAKER, Chicago.—Draw the bet. Sixty-six is played in both ways—to shut up on five and to close on six.

W. L., Brooklyn.—Both are out, and they can divide the money or play off for it. Both were playing together against the third man.

WM. SEWALL, Washington.—1. See note at bottom of table referred to. 2. See page 47 of THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

O. W. CHAMBERLAIN, Pere Cheney.—We cannot find any record of his having been engaged in a race since that time.

C. A. L., Newport.—There are several well-known men so nearly equal in that respect that we could not undertake to decide.

CONSTANT READER, Hamilton.—We have heard of the person referred to, but are not aware that he is an expert at the business.

C. DACEY, Natick.—If there was evidence of fraud, the referee was right in declaring the race off, and the stakes should be drawn.

H. W., Milo Centre.—The salary Plymouth Church paid the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher for the first year after the Tilton suit—\$50,000—was one hundred thousand dollars.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—The great railroad strike in 1868 commenced on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Martinsburg, W. Va., we believe.

SAMUEL R. MYER, Fort Leavenworth.—You will find the information in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

CONSTANT READER.—A license to ride bicycles of fastest times in CLIPPER ALMANAC.

HUGH MORGAN, Ovid.—Write to Daniel P. Foster, South Fifth avenue and West Third street, this city.

H., Pittsburg.—Except in rare instances, a misdeal at cassino forfeits the game.

M. Y., Summit City.—That question should be sent to someone in Pittsburg, Pa.

W. S., Meadville.—You can get a book on skating of Fred A. Ingalls, 12 Maiden-lane, New York.

BILLIARD READER, Sandusky.—There is no prospect of any match.

A MUTUAL.—The Prince of Wales was married March 10, 1863.

J. AND F., Bradford.—Address Marc E. Cook, care of this office.

J. B., Greenpoint.—The cards running 10, 2, 1, 3, 4, 2, 4, there is no run for the last 1.

INQUISITOR.—It has various meanings, according to localities.

MACK, Boston.—The game has not been stated; but if it was poker-dice, five aces beat five aces.

READER, Gem City.—It is too late for election bets. They were all decided weeks ago.

DECLINED.—"Baby's Bottle's Empty," "The Swells."

A. P., Ottawa.—Both B and C went out when A got euchred.

D. A. C., Colorado.—The Republican majority in the State last November was 7,600.

CONSTANT READER, Washington.—Address Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann-street, this city.

T. H. H., East Saginaw.—Flora Temple never trotted twenty miles within an hour.

D. Y. R., Philadelphia.—Two eights, a nine and two sevens are worth 34 at cribbage.

READER, Galveston.—An assisted player cannot go alone. In some poker-games assistance is not allowed.

CRIBBAGE, Gallon.—The count for 2, 2, 3, 5, 4, is sixteen. There are four straights in these cards.

H. C., Buffalo.—Lady Thorn's last trot was in Rochester, N. Y., in 1870.

J. D., Philadelphia.—We cannot positively say whether Hanlan is a swimmer or not.

W. M. M., Campton Village.—He wins who had one to go and made high.

R. G. L., Boston.—He has a right to look at the last trick taken in.

H. E. C., Augusta.—Aces are low at poker-dice, unless otherwise agreed upon.

R. M. W., Little Falls.—James Fisk Jr. was shot on Jan. 6, 1872.

H. B.—It is a sweep whenever the last card on the board is matched or captured in a combination.

H. H. G., Lindes.—He loses forty-two dollars and the hat.

A READER, Chicago.—The ring was not broken in when Heenan and King fought.

A. E., Hanover.—Address Harry Jennings, Centre-market place and Broome street, this city.

F. S., London.—The Goddess of Liberty is the head on an American quarter-dollar.

B. R. W., Rockford.—The dealer is entitled to either take the dumby or to draw one card from it.

F. D. B., Sulphur.—The party could call out on the ace.

R. W., Albany.—The highest euchre-card wins the deal.

INQUIRER, Greenpoint.—The count is nine for 7, 10, 9, 6, 8.

C. O. B., Montreal.—His birthplace is not known to us.

VIOLONCELLO.—From about \$6 per week, expenses paid.

R. K., Newark.—Address Ed. James, whose card see.

O. L., Trenton.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1881.

A. AND R., Yanktown.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

M. M., Dixon.—As the bet is stated to us, C loses it.

D. T. AND J. O., Philadelphia.—It will be a draw.

L. S., Baltimore.—California went Democratic.

R. C., Philadelphia.—The bet will be a draw.

H. B. E., Corning.—The ball is to remain off.

GEO. WARBURTON.—We sent the ALMANAC.

M. C. GRAY.—Not requested.

C. MCC.—Probably Garfield.

MOHAWK.—State the wager.

C. A. B.—None.

OUR FIREMEN are deserving of the highest praise for confining the fire to the store and dining-room of the Metropolitan Hotel last Sunday morning. Niblo's Garden is in the same building, and those who witnessed the conflagration felt certain that the theatre would be consumed; but it was saved. the only damage it sustained being that done by the water. Had the theatre caught fire, filled with combustible material as it was, the entire hotel property would, in all probability, have been destroyed.

THE POLICE of the metropolis were surprisingly active on Saturday last. Not only was it difficult to buy a pool-morgantge on the game of pool in this city or on the boat-race that didn't come off in England, but, in addition, those people who had armed themselves with stacks of checks could not easily find a card to lay them down on. If this vigilance is kept up for a month "the finest police force in the world" will be overworked and deserve a vacation.

PARIS will not tamely submit to all the abuse. She reports that, as one result of the late seeming unpleasantness, the American billiard-player cleared about fifty thousand francs. The sum is exaggerated. Perhaps the Parisians mean that the entire little party from the States carried off that amount.

THAT the consolidation of those telegraph companies does not meet with public approval is self-evident. Why, on Friday last the elements conspired against it to such a degree that the wires were broken down in every direction, and poles toppled about like reeds. Better agree to separate.

ON THE TRAMP.—Another go-as-you-please competition is in progress in this city, some thirty ambitious pedestrians taking part in the opening exercises. Brothers Beecher and Talmage ought to take in this exhibition of human endurance on the part of the spectators as well as of the peds.

VIGNAUX, the French "billiard," made believe he was highly incensed when Slosson proposed to pay his fare to this country if the former would play a match here. Vignaux declared that he could pay his own way. And yet he fails to do it. Or, rather, he fails to come.

THE BARKER FAMILY has disappeared rapidly. First the Major, one of the best-known auctioneers on the racing turf, passed away suddenly; next his son, Charles W., who succeeded him in business, died; and last week the widow of the Major was borne to her last home.

THE CASE of the colored man's rights in Baltimore turned out last week to be one of white man's wrongs. The Court decided that the colored spectator should go, and that the white manager should hold the Fort.

THE MANY FRIENDS of H. P. McGrath the turfman will pardon us for contradicting the report of his death. A telegram from Lexington, Ky., confidently expresses the hope that he will recover.

IF THE ELKS continue to gain in public esteem as they have been doing, their sales of boxes for their balls will bring almost as much as the pews in Brother Beecher's church bring.

CHEERY news for our saloon-keepers. Devoe, the weatherwise one of whom Jersey is so proud, predicts that this is going to be a dry Winter in this vicinity.

AFTER ALL, Gen. Hancock has been elected President—of the National Rifle Association.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

ADAMS, Thomas F.—A leading resident of Philadelphia, Pa., and president of the American District Telegraph Company of that city, died in that city Jan. 26, aged 56. *News* for several years, and subsequently was engaged in the manufacture of printing ink. In 1860 he was elected City Controller, and died while holding that office.

AMES, James B.—President of the Clinton Fire-insurance Company of this city—here, Jan. 21, aged 50.

BROLASKY, Stephen.—A well-known resident of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Jan. 13, aged 77.

BRIGHT, Michael G.—An old resident of Indianapolis, Ind.—there, Jan. 19, aged 67.

BYRNE, Captain Thomas—Of the 12th Infantry, United States Army.—Fort Niobara, Arizona Territory, Jan. 11.

BUSHNELL, Pope.—A well-known resident of Wayne County, Pa. He served as a private in the War of 1812; was County Treasurer and represented in the State Legislature the district then composed of Wayne and Pike counties. Bethany, Pa., recently, aged 92.

CAMMERER, John K.—One of the old-time leather merchants of this city, who was conspicuous in Brooklyn affairs a quarter of a century ago, and was the builder of the old Brooklyn Museum—Brooklyn, Jan. 24, aged 64.

EVANS, Samuel.—An old and respected resident of Trenton, N. J. He was a Justice-of-the-peace for fifty years, and had held other positions of honor and trust—there, Jan. 18, aged 98.

FOWLER, William Chauncey.—At one time professor of rhetoric and oratory at Dartmouth College, where he edited the university edition of Webster's Dictionary, and, having an interest in the copyrights, continued to supervise several of the improved editions. He was also a writer for reviews and periodicals—Durham, Ct., Jan. 16, aged 88.

FLEMING, Dr. D. Lamsden.—A well-known practicing physician of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Jan. 17, aged 42.

HISS, Philip.—An old and respected resident of Baltimore, Md.—there, Jan. 20, aged 72.

JONES, David.—A widely-known brewer and maister of this city, who had accumulated a fortune estimated at not less than \$10,000,000. He was a director in the Second Union Telegraph Company, and was one of the largest stockholders of the Nassau Bank—here, Jan. 17, aged 70.

JOYNES, Dr. Edward S.—One of the most prominent physicians of Virginia—Richmond, Jan. 18, aged 62.

JOYNES, Dr. Levin Smith.—One of the most prominent physicians of Virginia—Richmond, Jan. 18, aged 62.

KNIGHT, Dr. Samuel T.—A practicing physician of Baltimore, Md., where he was well known for over forty years—there, Jan. 20, aged 64.

KEELER, J.—A member of the Dominion Parliament—Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 21.

KINSLEY, Shepard C.—One of the oldest merchants of Providence, R. I., died there Jan. 22, aged 82.

KRIEGER JR., Philip J.—Formerly Treasurer of the St. Louis School Board—St. Louis, Jan. 17.

KING, William M.—A well-known journalist of Mount Vernon, O.—there, Jan. 21, aged 37.

LLOYD, Rev. Humphrey.—A distinguished English professor and writer on scientific subjects. He was a member of every leading scientific society in Great Britain and in this country—cable dispatch dated Jan. 18, aged 81.

LOWERY, William E.—An ex police captain of this city—here, Jan. 22, aged 58.

MCMAHON, Captain John—President of the Southern Bank of Savannah, Ga., and a prominent resident of that city. He was an officer in the Mexican War—Savannah, Jan. 21.

MCKNIGHT, Charles—One of the editors and proprietors of *The Evening News* of Philadelphia, Pa., and formerly connected with *The Press* of that city and *The Evening Chronicle* of Pittsburg—Philadelphia, Jan 22, aged 54.

MCQUADE, Major James G.—A leading resident of Norristown, Pa. In 1861 he was appointed first assistant appraiser of the port of Philadelphia, which position he resigned in 1863—Norristown, Jan. 21, aged 62.

MARIETTE, Auguste Edouard—A French explorer of Egypt, who was created a commander and raised to the rank of pacha in the Egyptian service—cable-dispatch dated Jan. 19, aged 62.

MOUNE, Alvin—An early settler of Colorado, who had served in the Mexican War—Denver, Jan. 12, aged 54.

NORTON, Rev. John L.—Associate rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia—there, Jan. 25, aged 58.

O'CONNOR, Rev. D.—Vicar-general of the Diocese of Ottawa, Ont.—there, Nov. 19.

O'BRIEN, Charles.—An accountenarian, who was one of the pioneers of Scranton, Pa.—there, Jan. 22, aged 111.

PURCELL, Rev. Edward.—Ex-Vicar-general of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, O.—Fayetteville, O., Jan. 20, aged 73.

PHILLIPS, George S.—One of the oldest residents of Smithtown, L. I., where he had held the offices of Postmaster, County Clerk, Supervisor and School Commissioner, besides representing his district in the Assembly for four terms—Smithtown, Jan. 20, aged 92.

PAYTEN, Rev. Charles F.—Assistant pastor of St. Agnes' Church of this city—here, Jan. 20, aged 27.

PATTERSON, Charles.—A well-known circuit composed of Vigo and Sullivan Counties, Ind., and a well-known jurist—Terre Haute, Jan. 17.

PRESTON, Colonel John.—Delegate of the Choctaw Indian nation—Washington, D. C., Jan. 17, aged 75.

ROLLEAU, Etienne Theodore De—A prominent French portrait and theological painter—Paris, cable-dispatch dated Jan. 21, aged 82.

SWORDS, Colonel Robert S.—A prominent resident of Newark, N. J. He was during the late war lieutenant-colonel of the Thirteenth New Jersey Regiment. For many years he was treasurer of the New Jersey Historical Society and secretary of the Board of Trade—in that city, Newark, Jan. 17, aged 64.

SOTHERN, Edward L.—The well-known comedian (see biography elsewhere)—London, Eng., cable-dispatch dated Jan. 21, aged 51.

STILWELL, Smith.—An old resident of Ogdensburg, N. Y., and at one time a member of the State Legislature—Ogdensburg, Jan. 20, aged 96.

SMITH, Samuel K.—A prominent lawyer of Wiscasset, Me., and a member of the State Senate in 1871—Wiscasset, Jan. 21, aged 47.

SHERMAN, Jay.—For a prominent resident of this city, who had accumulated a large fortune as a merchant and banker. He had long ago retired from business, and devoted himself to studies connected with history, law, politics and political economy—here, Jan. 21, aged 68.

TRACY, Rev. Caleb Branch.—One of the oldest Congregational ministers in New England—Andover, N. H., recently, aged 92.

YERGUKASSOFF, General Arras A.—A famous Russian officer, and one of the heroes of the Armenian campaign. For many brilliant deeds he was decorated with Russian military orders, and received from the Emperor Alexander a golden sword. He attained the rank of lieutenant-general in 1878—Tiflis, cable-dispatch dated Jan. 24, aged 62.

THAYER, James S.—An old and prominent lawyer of this city, where he was Public Administrator from 1849 to 1853. In his younger years he was one of the most popular public speakers in the country—Washington, D. C., Jan. 18, aged 63.

VERBOECKHOVEN, Eugene.—A noted Belgian painter, whose specialty was the drawing of sheep—Brussels, cable-dispatch dated Jan. 22, aged 82.

WETMORE, Apollos R.—A well-known resident of this city, who took a prominent part in the management of charitable institutions, being president of the Juvenile Asylum, the Presbyterian Hospital and the New York City Mission—here, Jan. 25, aged 84.

WINTERBURN, Dr. Charles—A practicing physician of this city. About thirty years ago he was a Methodist minister, and held services in the well-known Hope Chapel—here, Jan. 23, aged 66.

WALKER, J. N.—General solicitor of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, and formerly president of that company.—Chicago, Ill., Jan. 22.

WALBRIDGE, T. C.—An ex-member of the Dominion Parliament, and Speaker of the House of Commons—Belleville, Ont., Jan. 22.

WARD, E. Allan—A well-known contractor of Camden, N. J.—there, Jan. 15, aged 46.

ATHLETIC.

O'LEARY INTERNATIONAL RACE. Thirty Pedestrians in the Contest.

The initial competition for the second champion trophy offered to six-day pedestrians by Daniel O'Leary is now in progress at the American Institute Building, Third avenue and Sixty-third street, this city, having commenced on Monday morning, Jan. 24. The object of the promoter in getting up this competition was to institute a series of open races which should take the place of those famous contests of the past for the belt originally offered by Sir John Astley. That was won by O'Leary, and now by Charles Rowell, and which has been the means of developing men capable of achieving feats without parallel in modern annals, and which were considered beyond the bounds of human possibility until the power to accomplish them was conclusively shown. When Rowell so easily won the Astley belt for the second time in succession, and the third time in reality, at Agricultural Hall, London, Eng., last November, detesting two other Englishmen and a trio of Americans, the completeness of his victory and the magnificent score rolled up rendered it quite certain that no one of his own countrymen would again challenge him for the trophy, while the experience of the unaccliimated American party, added to the lack of public patronage, was sufficient to deter even the most ambitious of America's pedestrians from again crossing the Atlantic. Such being the case, it follows that Rowell will become the possessor of the Astley belt in consequence of the expiration of the period of eighteen months which under the rules a winner must hold the trophy before it becomes personal property. Having won it in New York City, in the competition which took place Sept. 23 to 27, 1879, the stipulated period of limitation expires at the latter end of March next, so that Rowell in the natural course would be really international in character, O'Leary conceived the idea of organizing a competition which should take the place of the celebrated Astley belt. Having once made up his mind to do this, he immediately made public his intentions through THE CLIPPER, and, although the time in which he had to work was brief, the improved plan upon which he framed the conditions of the competition proved so attractive to those who are most interested in the sport that the entries in the course of the week, five thousand dollars, was exorbitant—especially when it is remembered that it had previously been stated for the purpose of exhibition that just three hundred dollars! It had been determined to close out the enterprise, however, and, there being no help for it, the managers who had such confidence in the success of the affair, acceded to a demand which Frank Hart and John Ennis had previously laughed at. The result was that the latter, with the same position that an immense amount of work had to be done and a great deal of money expended in order to bring it in shape for the opening, succeeded, and the agreement was saved the trouble and outlay of having brought from a distance at this season of the year the materials with which to construct the requisite amount of quantity of loam, intermixed with clay, which had been used in former competitions there being found within the building, and of the proper consistency, after the addressing of saw dust, under the direction of Jack Goulding, whose experience in such matters is great, was built an excellent track, which, after it had been carefully viewed by a firm of well-known civil engineers, and its circumference is one-eighth of a mile. The path is level throughout, and is inclosed by a substantial fence, adding to the general appearance of the interior. does away with the nuisance which has prevailed at former contests of the kind in this city—that of spectators crossing the track anywhere and everywhere at will, and thereby seriously annoying and not infrequently interfering more or less with the contestants. The latter are provided with quarters at the east end of the building, a spacious dressing-room, conveniently arranged for the purpose having been constructed for every competitor, lighted with gas, and provided with the customary furniture, including a bed, table, chairs, mirror, and a gas-stove, the occupants, of course, furnishing their own bedding, cooking-utensils, and other requisite articles. These quarters are so located and ventilated, and at the same time as far removed as possible from the noisiest part of the structure. For the accommodation of the public ample provision has been made in the same manner, those on the left side of the hall being reserved, and lighted cigars prohibited there, while the right side of the building can be occupied without extra charge, and lovers of the weed are allowed to smoke all the cigars, good or bad, which they can afford to buy or can get for nothing. The inner circle is open to those who prefer moving about to being seated, and here also smoking is permitted. In the matter of temperature the management have taken such measures as leave no room for complaint by spectators or contestants. In addition to the rows of steam-pipes surrounding the interior of the building, and which were inadequate to properly warm the immense concern, three large furnaces have been placed in the central inclosure, and a degree of heat sufficient to make the temperature comfortable day and night is produced. The arrangements for sheet and lap scoring are the same as for the more recent similar contests he'd at Madison Square Garden, and capable persons are in charge of the work, under the eye of William B. Curtis, who officiates as referee, and who during his few hours of enforced repose from duty will be ably assisted by able assistants. The supervision of the score-sheets is entrusted to men experienced in the business, and who will endeavor to render impossible any dispute as to the figures, Joseph: W. H. Curtis, Sir Oliver; W. M. Leman, Backbite; S. B. Johnson, Crabtree; Henry Lewis, Moses; F. Monroe, Sneerwell; Mrs. H. Smith, Mrs. Candour; Mrs. Archbold, Lady Sneerwell; and Mrs. J. J. Prior, Maria. Surrounding with so talented an array of artists, his debut became most conspicuous, and the success of the sweepstakes.

10. The referee must give to the stakeholder satisfactory security for the safe keeping of the belt and its prompt return when called for.

11. The entry fee in gate-money shall be given to any competitor who does not travel 480 miles.

12. All necessary and reasonable expenses shall be paid from the gate-money, and the residue, with the entry-fee stakes money added, shall be divided among those competitors, not exceeding five, who go 480 miles or further, in accordance with the following scale: If but one man finishes 480 miles, he shall take all. If two men, the division shall be 60 per cent. and 40 per cent. If three men, 50 per cent., 30 per cent. and 20 per cent. If four men, 40 per cent., 30 per cent., 20 per cent. and 10 per cent. If five men, 40 per cent., 25 per cent., 17 per cent., 10 per cent. and 8 per cent. No compromise shall prevent five sharers in the gate-money who covers 480 miles shall receive \$100, said amount to be deducted from the sweepstakes money.

13. The holder must deliver the belt to the temporary stakeholder ten days before the date of the race.

14. He must also deposit the percentage property of any man who wins it three times, successively or otherwise, or holds it for eighteen consecutive months, provided that in the interim of the competitions the belt shall be under challenge that match must be contested and won by him.

15. The editor of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER shall be temporary stakeholder in all contests for the belt, and all challenges and moneys shall be sent to him; said moneys to be transferred by him to the party entitled to the depositing the same, to Byran G. McSwyny, who shall be final stakeholder.

16. The winner of the belt shall have full power to appoint the referee, who shall appoint all other necessary officials, and decide all questions not expressly provided in these rules.

17. The management of all future competitions for the belt to be in the hands of the donors thereof, provided the terms offered by them are as favorable to the holder and challenger as may be received from other parties. The contestants in all competitions and sweepstakes to have the right to appoint representatives to guard their interests, financially and otherwise.

The above rules constitute the only building at all suitable for the purpose which was obtainable at the time it was desired to have the tournament take place, and, considering the short notice which was given for the event the week, five thousand dollars, was exorbitant—especially when it is remembered that it had previously been stated for the purpose of exhibition that just three hundred dollars! It had been determined to close out the enterprise, however, and, there being no help for it, the managers who had such confidence in the success of the affair, acceded to a demand which Frank Hart and John Ennis had previously laughed at. The result was that the latter, with the same position that an immense amount of work had to be done and a great deal of money expended in order to bring it in shape for the opening, succeeded, and the agreement was saved the trouble and outlay of having brought from a distance at this season of the year the materials with which to construct the requisite amount of quantity of loam, intermixed with clay, which had been used in former competitions there being found within the building, and of the proper consistency, after the addressing of saw dust, under the direction of Jack Goulding, whose experience in such matters is great, was built an excellent track, which, after it had been carefully viewed by a firm of well-known civil engineers, and its circumference is one-eighth of a mile. The path is level throughout, and is inclosed by a substantial fence, adding to the general appearance of the interior. does away with the nuisance which has prevailed at former contests of the kind in this city—that of spectators crossing the track anywhere and everywhere at will, and thereby seriously annoying and not infrequently interfering more or less with the contestants. The latter are provided with quarters at the east end of the building, a spacious apartment, large enough for the purpose having been constructed for every competitor, lighted with gas, and provided with the customary furniture, including a bed, table, chairs, mirror, and a gas-stove, the occupants, of course, furnishing their own bedding, cooking-utensils, and other requisite articles. These quarters are so located and ventilated, and at the same time as far removed as possible from the noisiest part of the structure. For the accommodation of the public ample provision has been made in the same manner, those on the left side of the hall being reserved, and lighted cigars prohibited there, while the right side of the building can be occupied without extra charge, and lovers of the weed are allowed to smoke all the cigars, good or bad, which they can afford to buy or can get for nothing. The inner circle is open to those who prefer moving about to being seated, and here also smoking is permitted. In the matter of temperature the management have taken such measures as leave no room for complaint by spectators or contestants. In addition to the rows of steam-pipes surrounding the interior of the building, and which were inadequate to properly warm the immense concern, three large furnaces have been placed in the central inclosure, and a degree of heat sufficient to make the temperature comfortable day and night is produced. The arrangements for sheet and lap scoring are the same as for the more recent similar contests he'd at Madison Square Garden, and capable persons are in charge of the work, under the eye of William B. Curtis, who officiates as referee, and who during his few hours of enforced repose from duty will be ably assisted by able assistants. The supervision of the score-sheets is entrusted to men experienced in the business, and who will endeavor to render impossible any dispute as to the figures, Joseph: W. H. Curtis, Sir Oliver; W. M. Leman, Backbite; S. B. Johnson, Crabtree; Henry Lewis, Moses; F. Monroe, Sneerwell; Mrs. H. Smith, Mrs. Candour; Mrs. Archbold, Lady Sneerwell; and Mrs. J. J. Prior, Maria. Surrounding with so talented an array of artists, his debut became most conspicuous, and the success of the sweepstakes.

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TOVER'S BENEFIT

porting Theatre, this city, on Thurs- 20, was largely attended, and the ex- ood indeed, notwithstanding the fact who had volunteered to lend their pro- affair failed to keep their promises, ed keenly the absence of Johnny Car- rwood, had been successively as- with him, but repented of the engage- entered into. The old gentleman an ought to have been bored with sake, and that Dick for other least to have done this much. To good as their word he returns sin- st-ios were between Pete Croker and ohnny Kelly and Johnny Saunders, f. Austin, Jimmy Kelly and George ohy and G. Bracken, Jerry Leary and rs. Anthony Logan and Jimmy Barry, addams' Mews, and for the wind-up ohnny Stack. All of these were very losing bout Stack had so dance about ide open. Once, when Towse had been sful and clever antagonist in regular nny's head came bang against a scene, pair came together with a crack, the lored optic for the veteran. Gus Lens, ll from Wm. McCollum (wrestlers), and ercion, handcuffing, splints, etc., per- feats, winding up by having a huge chest by repeated blows of a sledge- here was also a been-record from "The School for Scandal," with Geo. H. Griffiths—by permission of Morley & Daley of the Chestnut-street Theatre —as Sir Peter Teazle, J. Brooke as Charles Sur- face, Wilton Page as Joseph Surface, and Mrs. Bessie Hunter as Lady Teazle. In the evening "Article 47" was played, in which, at a few hours' notice, Frank Henley and W. J. Sherry creditably assumed the parts of Lauriston and Potain, re- spectively, changes in the cast having been ren- dered necessary by the inability of Jay Hunt to ap- pear, on account of the illness of his infant son. At the termination of the play a recitation was given by the beneficiary, songs were sung by the Irma Glee Club, Julie Kemp again appeared in a Dutch specialty, and the entertainment concluded with vocal selections by the Philadelphia English Glee.

THE GRISWOLD OPERA-HOUSE, Troy, N. Y., will, as our correspondent says, "on Feb. 1 pass into the possession of J. Harris Hughes of Buffalo, better known as the 'Fakir of Ava.' The papers are now being prepared by Real-estate Agent S. S. Cran- dall. The price to be paid is $75,000, and the sale will be the largest one of real estate ever made in this individual, made in Troy in five years. Mrs. Wm. D. Van Arnum is the party of the first part. The property is largely plastered with mortgages, which, of course, Mr. Hughes will assume and endeavor to pay off as soon as the holders will permit, as he is abundantly able to do. The premises are in L form, the Opera-house be- ing located on Church street, very much as Niblo's is located on Broadway street. The Opera-house is 103 by 60, parquet and two tiers, is in only fair condition, but will be extensively overhauled next Summer. On the Third-street front is a building known as Opera-house Block, 60ft. front, stores below, and Lyceum Hall on third floor. Mr. Hughes contemplates fitting up the second floor into a French flat, and residing there with his family. A few years ago he married a daughter of Scenic-artist Stanfield of Buffalo, by whom he has two children. He has also a idea of turn- ing Lyceum Hall into a museum and lecture- room, with entertainments suitable for ladies and children. The present Hickey lease for one year commences on the 1st proximo, and he said he was erected 1871 upon the ruins of Griswold Hall, which had been erected a few years before its destruction by fire on the site of the Adelphi, which was built about 1855 by a stock company. There is great rejoicing among the business men of the neigh- boring property-owners that so solid a man as Mr. Hughes has come into possession of the property, which has been so shamefully neglected for ten years past."

THE NEW OPERA-HOUSE, Manchester, N. H., E. W. Harrington manager, was to have been dedi- cated Jan. 24. The initial entertainments will be given under the management of Charles H. Thayer, who will present W. E. Sheridan and Mrs. Thomas Barry in a series of legitimate plays, commencing with "Richelieu," followed 25 by "The Marble Heart;" 26, St. Louis Tag; 27, "Othello;" 28, "The Duke's Motto;" matinee 29, "The Lady of Lyons;" and on that evening two pieces. The supporting company will include L. S. McCormack, W. H. Southard, Frank Carlos, J. Stuart Clarke, Charles A. Ward, W. B. Porter, Miss Kate Denin, and Mes- ves. Edward Parker, W. M. Pratt, A. G. Warner, S. A. Spencer, Fannie Vaughn, Alice Seidler, Lizzie Anderson, Lotta Rochell, Annie Dudley and Miss Chansen.

THE LARGEST CROWDS ever gathered in Masonic Theatre, Nashville, Tenn., says our correspondent, "greeted Lotta and Annie Pixley during the past week. Lotta had the first part of the week, pre- senting 'Musette' 18, 19 and 20, and 'Little Nell' 20. Annie Pixley played 21, 22, in 'M'liss,' On the last-named date, during final act, Jas. T. Bell of *The Nashville Banner*, on behalf of many citizens, presented Miss Pixley with a handsome necklace, with a beautiful medal pendant, on which were engraved 'Smith's Pocket' and the figure of 'M'liss.' Miss Pixley replied in a few appropriate remarks."

GEN. GRANT'S VISIT to Troy, N. Y., Jan. 21, and public reception in the City Hall between 7 and 8 o'clock, in no way interfered with that evening's amusements. Baird's New Orleans Minstrels had a splendid house at Rand's Opera-house. The Grand Central had the biggest house of the week. The Griswold Opera-house was open only during the week ending 22, for Maggie Mitchell in "Little Barefoot" 17 and Hickey's "Humpty Dumpty" 22. Mrs. Scott-Siddons appears there 24, 25, 26, At Rand's Opera-house was "The Pakir of Ava" and Whitson fill the week ending 29.

A COMPANY under the management of Fred. Felton was to have given its first performance in Torrington, Conn., Jan. 24, with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Rip Van Winkle" comprise the repertory. The troupe consists of Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Felton, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Crane, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Nelson, A. L. Fanshawe, Geo. Atkinson and John Howard's Jubilee Singers, dogs and a donkey. Harry Wharfe is in advance. Route: Brazil, Ind., 24, 25, Charleston, Ill., 26, Mattoon 27, Shelbyville 28.

ANNIE PIXLEY closed at Lemoyne's Theatre, Mem- phis, Tenn., Jan. 22, and although the weather was extremely inclement during her stay she did a good business both nights and at the matinee.

Due 31: Robson and Crane, for one week.

NO DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES were given at any of our theatres last week, says our correspondent in Indianap- olis, Ind., correspondent. "'Deacon Crankett' is billed at the Grand Opera-house 27, 28, 29, and mat- inee."

"MY PARTNER" was seen at the Pittsburg (Pa.) Opera-house the past week by audiences which filled the theatre at every performance. Camp- bell's "Galley Slave" Company begin Jan. 24.

FROM CINCINNATI, O., our correspondent wrote Jan. 22: "Fun on the stage attracted very fair audiences to the Grand Opera-house. A num- ber of novel features have been introduced since the piece was produced here last, and the en- tertainment proved as mirthful as anything of the season. An extra performance is to be given 23. Route ahead: Louisville 24, 25, 26 Nashville 27, 28, 29. Salvini opens at the Grand 24, playing four times, his company producing 'The Guv'nor' on the nights Knights..... Jay Rial's Opera-house 24. Sarah Bernhardt 31 (four nights)..... At Heuck's Mr. and Mrs. Chanfrau open 24. Neil Burgess 31, Rice's 'Evangeline' Feb. 7..... Alf. Burnett has gone to New York..... The 14 ablishment bad matinee Night of Rip Van Winkle, to large audiences. "My Partner" 24, for one week. Our correspondent says: "Miss Grace Bennett of the Scott-Siddons Company was pro- ceeding to the Academy from the Palace Hotel night of 17 in a sleigh, when the manners caught in the car-track on Niagara street and she was thrown out, along with the driver, but neither was hurt. The horse returned to the stable. The lady reached the theatre in time to appear in her part."

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COLLIER'S "BANKER'S DAUGHTER" COMBINA- TION commenced a season of three nights and a matinee in the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Jan. 20. Miss Eleanor Calhoun and company open 25, for three nights.

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLE COMBINATION may be looked for in Lebanon, Ind., Jan. 25, Crawfords- ville 26, Greencastle 28, Brazil 29.

"THE DANITES" was played Jan. 17, 18, in the Grand Opera-house, Newark, N. J., to good busi- ness. Mary Anderson did a large business 21..... Kate Claxton plays 24 at the Park Theatre. Prof. Seeman has done a good business, performing in necromancy.

ADA GRAY AND COMPANY are to perform in Thomasville, Ga., Jan. 24, 25, Albany 26, 27, Eufaula, Ala., 28, 29, Columbus, Ga., Feb. 1.

THE FAY TEMPLETON COMBINATION played in Opelousas La., Jan. 17, Orange, Texas, 18, 19, Hous- ton 20, 21, La Grange 22; thence to San Antonio until 29.

G. W. KATES, advance agent or actor, is disen- gaged. See card.

MUSICAL.

MANAGER WENTWORTH of the Gaiety Theatre, Boston, Mass., having faith in the enduring popu- larity of his former successes "Trial by Jury" and "Pinafore," revived those works the past week. The wisdom of his choice, says our correspondent, "was manifest on the opening, when a large audi- ence was present, and during the rest of the week business was good. The operas were sung by Henri Laurent's Fifth-avenue Company, so called, Mr. Laurent and Blanche Corelli assuming the leading roles in each with the old-time favor. Some of the other artists did good work, among the most prominent being Lillie West, one of the best of Hebes, Percy J. Cooper as Capt. Corcoran, James Sturgess as Dick Deadeye, Harry Haskell as Bill Robstay, and Jennie Yeamans as Buttercup. The finale to the first act was vociferously applauded, and the refrain was twice repeated in answer to popular demand. The cast included Harry Brown (as the Admiral), Fred H. Frear, William Luard, James Henry and Helen Mortimer. The chorus contained many veteran 'Pinafore' singers, who were, of course, welcomed. The scenery and scene painted by Albert Operti, though advertised as new, bore the artist's name and date of execution (?79) in plain characters..... 'Olivette' will receive its first representation in this city 31 by the present company, to which will be added Harry Brown. 'The Masque of Pandora' was sung a second and last week in the Boston Theatre by Blanche Roose- velt's Company to unremunerative business. For the benefit of the first act of 'Faust' Tuesday it was added, and sung in Italian by the beneficiary as Violetta and Hugh Talbot as Alfredo..... The Philharmonic Orchestra has disbanded, owing to poor support. An attempt will be made to give new series of five concerts should the subscrip- tions warrant, and a list for the purpose has been opened..... Georg Henschel, the baritone, assisted by his fiancee, Lillian Bailey, soprano, gave the first of two vocal recitals in the Meionaon 17. The last will take place in Tremont Temple 31, when he will have aid from B. J. Lang, pianist..... The score and words of the London comic-opera 'Billee Taylor' is being looked into by a gentleman with a view to its production in this city by the present company..... The second invitation concert by the Boylston Club was given in Music Hall 19. George L. Osgood, director; Julius Jordan, Anna Abbott and Mrs. J. M. Noyes, vocalists; and C. A. Preston, pianist..... The fifth harvard musical concert was given in Music Hall afternoon of 20, F. H. Lewis, pianist, and Julius Jordan, tenor, as- sisting..... Mrs. B. F. Bates and pupils gave a mu- sical soiree in Monument Hall, Charlestown Dis- trict, 20..... Laura C. Holloway and John Orth, pianist, assisted by Fanny Kellogg and Mme. Dietrich Strong, vocalists; Timothie Adamowski, violinist; and Wulf Fries, 'cellist, gave a concert in Chickering's rooms 21. The seventh chamber concert of the New England Conservatory of Mu- sic was given by the students in Music Hall after- noon of 22..... Gustav Satler reappeared after many years' absence at a private musicale in Studio Building on the 22d inst. The first piece evening and two matinee concerts in the Meiona- on, commencing 25..... Theodore Thomas and his orchestra announce four concerts in Music Hall 24, 26, 28, and matinee 29, assisted in the first two by Herr Joseffy, pianist, and Amy Sherwin, so- prano. 'La Damnation de Faust' will be given at the last two, with solo aid from Fanny Kel- logg, W. C. Tower, Georg Henschel, and Clar- ence Hay, assisted by a chorus of two hun- dred..... Theodore Thomas and orches- tra, assisted by Joseffy, pianist, give the con- cluding concert in the Old Bay State course in Music Hall 27..... Haverly's Gilmore and other concerts in Chickering's rooms on Saturday morn- ings during February and March, assisted by May Bryant, vocalist, Charles N. Allen, Gustav Dann- reuther, Henry Heindl, and Wolf Fries, instru- mentalists..... The Handel and Haydn Society are to sing Mozart's 'Requiem' and Beethoven's 'Mount of Olives' in Music Hall 30. Hattie L. Simms will be the soprano; Ita Welsh, contralto; William Rogers, tenor; Clarence E. Hay, basso; with Carl Zerrahn, conductor, and B. J. Lang, organist..... Alfred Cellier is announced as pre- paring a version of 'The Masque of Pandora' for Mapleson, who does it in London."

QUAKER CITY.—The musical great hit made by "Der Freyschutz" at Concordia Hall, Philadelphia, it was kept on the past week, the production of "Martha" being postponed till Jan. 22. Under Peter Taggi's management German opera now seems an assured success..... At the Amateur Drawing-room Jan. 19 "The Doctor of Alcantara" was sung by amateurs under the direction of Fred T. Baker..... Mapleson's "Her Majesty's Opera Company" closed a successful season in the Academy of Music Jan. 19. Gerster sang in "Il Puritani" 17, and also appeared in "Don Giovanni" 18, personating Zerlina. "Faust" was performed 19, with Almina Valleria as Marguerite. This brief season of opera was a most enjoyable one. The company was remarkably strong in principals, while the orchestra and chorus were so nearly perfect that it might truly be said of them, in the words of Pope: "E'en their faults inclined to virtue's side."

CROWDED TO OVERFLOWING at every perform- ance was the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, the past week, during which the Boston Ideal Opera Company were engaged in their repertory. The repertory was "Fatinitza" Jan. 17 and 21, "Chimes of Normandy" 18, "Pinafore" 19, "Bohemian Girl" 20, "Bohemian Girl" was sung again at the mati- nee Jan. 22, and "Mascotte" evening, Saturday's night of same date. The special invitation mati- nee to the profession which was contemplated was not given..... Baker and Farron in "The Emigrant" begin an engagement Jan. 24.

DEAD.—We have just learned of the death of "Bill Bright the Piddler," who was well known in Philadelphia, especially in the lower section of that city, where for more than a quarter of a cen- tury he figured in the daily and evening festivals, "down the Neck parties" and other gatherings; and we believe that he has from time to time taken part in minstrel entertainments in the Quaker City. We saw and conversed with him a few months ago, at which time he looked to be in the best of health. He was an attendant at the saloon of the equally well-known "Pete Doyle," Second and Wharton streets, Philadelphia, where he was much esteemed by the down-town- ers," who gathered there to see and hear their old friends. Mr. Bright died about three weeks ago, leaving his family in rather needy cir- cumstances.

H. B. MARR'S COMIC-OPERA COMPANY opened a week's engagement in the Euclid-avenue Opera- house, Cleveland, O., Jan. 17. "Boccaccio" was the attraction the first four nights, and "Patinitza" the remainder of the week, to moderate business.

AT MACAULEY'S THEATRE, Louisville, Ky., Leav- itt's English Opera-burlesque Company closed a season of three nights and a matinee Jan. 19, leav- ing played to only fair business. Lawrence Barrett and his own supporting company have filled the first of a three weeks' engagement at the Park Theatre, reproducing "Yorick's Love" to a full house Jan. 24. The success of Barrett's second week he will present a programme slightly altered from that given in our last, includ- ing 'Richelieu' 24, 26, 28, 'Hamlet' 25, 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'David Garrick' 27, 'The Marble Heart' matinee and 'Julius Cæsar' night 29. 'The Bankrupt' will not be played. An extra matinee is to be given 24, com- mencing at noon, for the benefit of the asso- ciated charities of Boston, for which the Madi- son-square Theatre Company have volunteered to appear in 'Hazel Kirke.' The free use of the theatre has been tendered by Messrs. Abbey & Schoefel, with the consent of Mr. Barrett..... The Globe Theatre was occupied by Kate Claxton, Charles A. Stevenson and company, but the audi- torium presented a lonesome appearance, espe- cially on the first four nights, when 'The Snow- flower' formed the bill. In rewitnessing what we remember as one of Mr. Boucicault's vivaitous sensation pieces, another idol has been shatter- ed. Miss Claxton was interesting in person, but marred her performance of Pauvrette by what we can only designate as a Sikesish intonation, unnat- ural and unpleasant. The support was decidedly be- low the average, and the piece was fairly played by the company. For her benefit, 21, Miss Claxton ap- peared as Gilberte in 'Frou-Frou' before a very large audience, a compliment considering the in- verse storm of the Wintry Winter. 'The Two Orphans' was revived 22, and drew a good attendance to the matinee, and the theatre was crowded at night. Billed for 24: 'A Child of the State' by the Hoey & Hardie Combination. Mrs. Scott- Siddons..... Voegtlin's 'Louise.' Smith & Mestayer's new venture, will probably be first seen at this theatre Feb. 14. Mr. Mestayer is now ar- ranging the piece, and the K. H. K.'s—Emmerson, Clark and the Daly Brothers—will perhaps have a pecuniary interest in the production. Among others already engaged are W. H. Bartholomew, Richard Golden, James Sturgis and Harry Brown. A tally-ho coach and railroad-car have been press- ed into the service, and work on the mechanical effects has already commenced. The managers will have to guard against collisions..... 'The Guv'nor,' during its eighth week at the Boston Museum, has drawn a good business, though a little lull in attendance has been noticeable. Night of 22, for the benefit of Annie Clarke, that lady made her reappearance after a lengthened vacation. 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'Oliver Twist' were given, the beneficiary appearing as Portia and Nancy Sikes and Mr. Barron as Shylock and Bill Sikes. The theatre was crowded. 'The Guv'nor' will be kept on the present week, excepting evening of 29, when, for the benefit of Charles Barron, 'Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin,' and 'Black-eyed Susan' will form the bill..... Jay Rial's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' will be given at the Gaiety Theatre for one week, commencing 24, with daily performances 25 and thereafter. We are promised grand scenic effects, the trick-dog Fido, five mammoth trained bloodhounds, the Magnolia Jubilee Band, and, what is of full as much interest to the paying public, a low tariff of prices, twenty-five cents being charged for admission, with reserved seats at thirty-five and fifty cents..... Frank Frayne and company were due here 31, but were bought off by Manager Wentworth in order that the new opera 'Olivette' might be the more speedily produced..... A paint frame has been added to the conveniences of the stage of this theatre..... The Kiralfy spectacle of 'The Black Venus' will be brought out here, it is intimated..... Lucette Webster and associates performed 'Invalid Pupils,' for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society, in their parlors 20..... Salvini has written Mr. Shewell a letter deprecating his dismissal from his com- pany, and expressing his entire satisfaction with him as an actor and stage-manager. H. A. Weav- er has been playing Iago since leaving Bos- ton..... Thomas Whiffin is to act his original character of Pittacus Green in "Hazel Kirke," at the Park Theatre on 24. Mrs. A. W. Fenton being prevented from appearing. Mr. Ferguson re- joins the company 25, and Mr. Whiffin returns to New York. After 'Olivette,' which will be done Feb. 7, 'The Danites,' Fanny Davenport and Bart- ley Campbell's 'Galley Slave' are announced..... Among the attractions to be presented for our de- lectation during the coming few weeks are Valen- tine & Earl's and Nick Roberts' 'Humpty Dumpty' troupe, Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, Knight, and Mitchell's Pleasure Party in their new piece "The Bold, Bad Man of Hoboken."..... It is not yet cer- tain that Sarah Bernhardt returns to Boston pro- fessionally..... Charles E. Rice and Surprise Party was at home a part of the closing week."

J. K. EMMET crowded the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., the past week, appearing in "Fritz in Ireland." Our correspondent says: "He looked, sang and acted better than in he has for several seasons, and the welcome extended to him was enthusiastic in the extreme. The female portion of the support is weak. Mary Anderson opens 24. ..... Eleanor Calhoun appeared in Ford's Opera- house in 'Romeo and Juliet.' 'The Trunchback,' and 'Daniel Rochat.' She created a very favorable impression, being attractive in appearance and having the advantage of a very youthful face. She has also a graceful movement and a well-modulated voice, and when she has thoroughly familiarized herself with the roles, and has the support of a good, even company, rapid advancement is likely to follow. She goes with John T. Ford over the Southern Circuit. Her probable route is December 27..... Collier's 'Banker's Daughter' Combination is to play in the Academy 24."

AT THE STANDARD THEATRE, San Francisco, Cal., stars and combinations are the order of the season, and they are invited to address Amory Sullivan, lessee and manager. Mr. Sullivan states that his theatre is thoroughly refitted and very popular with the San Francisco public, Joseph Murphy having netted 8,000 dollars in one engagement there.

W. E. SHERIDAN closed a two weeks' engagement at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Jan. 22. His bills during his last week were "The Duke's Motto" 17, in which he was replaced by Hen- De Lagardere—Jan. 17, 18, and matinee 19, "The Corsican Brothers" 19, 20, and matinee 22, "A New Way To Pay Old Debts"—in which he played Sir Giles Overreach—21, and "Macbeth" 22. The attendance was fair. Mr. Sheridan was called before the curtain many times, and compelled to make speeches at several performances..... Herrmann the magician begins Jan. 24..... Val Vose, the ven- triloquist, is billed to appear with Haverly's Min- strels, Jan. 24.

T. W. KEENE began his first star engagement in Philadelphia at the Walnut-street Theatre Jan. 17 in "Richelieu," which was repeated afternoon of 22. He appeared as Hamlet 18, Shylock afternoon of 19, as Richard III night of same date, as Othello, Iago 20, and Sir Giles Overreach 21, when he took a benefit. The house on Monday night was very light, but after that business improved some- what, and by the time he appeared as Othello was fair..... Louis and Alice Harrison and their company begin an engagement in "Photos" Jan. 24.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS and company played "As You Like It" Jan. 17, "Romeo and Juliet" 18, "Blind Johnnie" and "Much Ado About Nothing" at mati- nee and "The School for Scandal" night 19 in the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., to fine business. Jefferson appeared 20, 21, as Bob Acres in "The Rivals," and matinee 22 and closed the Metropolitan Theatre season of 1880-81. Rip Van Winkle, to large audiences. "My Partner" 24, for one week. Our correspondent says: "Miss Grace Bennett of the Scott-Siddons Company was pro- ceeding to the Academy from the Palace Hotel night of 17 in a sleigh, when the manners caught in the car-track on Niagara street and she was thrown out, along with the driver, but neither was hurt. The horse returned to the stable. The lady reached the theatre in time to appear in her part."

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MR. AND MRS. GEORGE S. KNIGHT are billed in Jacksonville, Ill., Feb. 1, Springfield 2, 3, Decatur 4, Terre Haute, Ind., 5, Chicago, Ill., 7, one week.

JAY RIAL'S "HUMPTY DUMPTY" is to be in Lan- caster, O., Jan. 24, Zanesville 25, Mansfield 26, Cleveland 27, 28, 29.

ANNIE PIXLEY is to be in Bowling Green, Ky., Jan. 24, Louisville 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, Indianapolis, Ind., 31, Feb. 1, 2, Detroit, Mich., 3, 4, 5.

COLLIER'S "BANKER'S DAUGHTER" COMBINA- TION commenced a season of three nights and a matinee in the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Jan. 20. Miss Eleanor Calhoun and company open 25, for three nights.

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLE COMBINATION may be looked for in Lebanon, Ind., Jan. 25, Crawfords- ville 26, Greencastle 28, Brazil 29.

"THE DANITES" was played Jan. 17, 18, in the Grand Opera-house, Newark, N. J., to good busi- ness. Mary Anderson did a large business 21..... Kate Claxton plays 24 at the Park Theatre. Prof. Seeman has done a good business, performing in necromancy.

ADA GRAY AND COMPANY are to perform in Thomasville, Ga., Jan. 24, 25, Albany 26, 27, Eufaula, Ala., 28, 29, Columbus, Ga., Feb. 1.

THE FAY TEMPLETON COMBINATION played in Opelousas La., Jan. 17, Orange, Texas, 18, 19, Hous- ton 20, 21, La Grange 22; thence to San Antonio until 29.

G. W. KATES, advance agent or actor, is disen- gaged. See card.

MUSICAL.

MANAGER WENTWORTH of the Gaiety Theatre, Boston, Mass., having faith in the enduring popu- larity of his former successes "Trial by Jury" and "Pinafore," revived those works the past week. The wisdom of his choice, says our correspondent, "was manifest on the opening, when a large audi- ence was present, and during the rest of the week business was good. The operas were sung by Henri Laurent's Fifth-avenue Company, so called, Mr. Laurent and Blanche Corelli assuming the leading roles in each with the old-time favor. Some of the other artists did good work, among the most prominent being Lillie West, one of the best of Hebes, Percy J. Cooper as Capt. Corcoran, James Sturgess as Dick Deadeye, Harry Haskell as Bill Robstay, and Jennie Yeamans as Buttercup. The finale to the first act was vociferously applauded, and the refrain was twice repeated in answer to popular demand. The cast included Harry Brown (as the Admiral), Fred H. Frear, William Luard, James Henry and Helen Mortimer. The chorus contained many veteran 'Pinafore' singers, who were, of course, welcomed. The scenery and scene painted by Albert Operti, though advertised as new, bore the artist's name and date of execution (?79) in plain characters..... 'Olivette' will receive its first representation in this city 31 by the present company, to which will be added Harry Brown. 'The Masque of Pandora' was sung a second and last week in the Boston Theatre by Blanche Roose- velt's Company to unremunerative business. For the benefit of the first act of 'Faust' Tuesday it was added, and sung in Italian by the beneficiary as Violetta and Hugh Talbot as Alfredo..... The Philharmonic Orchestra has disbanded, owing to poor support. An attempt will be made to give new series of five concerts should the subscrip- tions warrant, and a list for the purpose has been opened..... Georg Henschel, the baritone, assisted by his fiancee, Lillian Bailey, soprano, gave the first of two vocal recitals in the Meionaon 17. The last will take place in Tremont Temple 31, when he will have aid from B. J. Lang, pianist..... The score and words of the London comic-opera 'Billee Taylor' is being looked into by a gentleman with a view to its production in this city by the present company..... The second invitation concert by the Boylston Club was given in Music Hall 19. George L. Osgood, director; Julius Jordan, Anna Abbott and Mrs. J. M. Noyes, vocalists; and C. A. Preston, pianist..... The fifth harvard musical concert was given in Music Hall afternoon of 20, F. H. Lewis, pianist, and Julius Jordan, tenor, as- sisting..... Mrs. B. F. Bates and pupils gave a mu- sical soiree in Monument Hall, Charlestown Dis- trict, 20..... Laura C. Holloway and John Orth, pianist, assisted by Fanny Kellogg and Mme. Dietrich Strong, vocalists; Timothie Adamowski, violinist; and Wulf Fries, 'cellist, gave a concert in Chickering's rooms 21. The seventh chamber concert of the New England Conservatory of Mu- sic was given by the students in Music Hall after- noon of 22..... Gustav Satler reappeared after many years' absence at a private musicale in Studio Building on the 22d inst. The first piece evening and two matinee concerts in the Meiona- on, commencing 25..... Theodore Thomas and his orchestra announce four concerts in Music Hall 24, 26, 28, and matinee 29, assisted in the first two by Herr Joseffy, pianist, and Amy Sherwin, so- prano. 'La Damnation de Faust' will be given at the last two, with solo aid from Fanny K

EN SYMPATHIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Setting out one morning early, from the city's hurly-burly,
While the skies were gray and pearly, ere the stars had gone to bed;
Came I to a cemetery, which I entered, feeling very,
Pll acknowledge, far from merry in locality so dread—
In a "City of the Dead"—
Came I to a woman kneeling—may I say, one just a-wheeling
Into womanhood and feeling?—judging so when nearer
Kneeling by a mound, with headstone fashioned of a brownish redstone,
Clasping in her arms the deadstone, while a tear stood in her eye.
As I plainly could descry.
Fair was she as any mortal—features were with beauty fraught all—
On this side the shining portal of the "city paved with gold!"
Sunny hair, a priceless treasure; liquid eyes you could not measure,
But devoid of every pleasurable look, and dim and cold—
Grief had deeply taken hold.
Bowed, bowed down with grief, and lowly—grief that was,
Was her breaking heart! And slowly, in the sympathetic coil,
I meandered toward the maiden, silently as e'er men-haden
Cleave the deep, though heavy laden with a merchantable oil—
Fish we neither fry nor broil.
"Pardon, miss, this bold intrusion," said I softly in confusion,
With a delicate allusion to her sorrow most severe;
"Let me mingle, maiden, mingle tears of mine that come not single,
While I sympathize with thee, and thusly jingle, as it were, our sorrows drear—
Jingle at this lowly bier.
"Tell me, maiden, why this weeping?—why these tears down dropping
Thus come creeping
From thine eyes, so out of keeping with thy beauty and thy style?
Hast thou lost a little brother, little sister—one or t'other?—
Grave aint big enough for mother (this aside, with ruefal smile)—
Cause, hepatic flux of bile).
"Nephew, maybe niece or cousin, any one of twenty dozen
Sorts of relatives a-buzzin' round a person all through life;
Or, perhaps—but then it couldn't be that you—indeed, I shouldn't
Think of such a thing, and wouldn't, as that you were wedded wife,
"Mourning for a son or daughter in this damp, sepulchral quarter,
Where, I know, you hadn't oughter that cold headstone closely hug;
Tell, oh, tell me, maid or mother, sister hast thou lost or brother—
"Hush, you fool! taint one or t'other," cried she out, with hasty shrue;
"Here, sir, lies my poor dead pup!"
SI SLOKUM.

CAST UPON THE WORLD!

A STORY OF AVARICE AND CRIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY CHAS. E. PERRINE (C. E. NEWTON, DRAMATIST),
Author of "Out at Sea," "Nannette Labarre," "A Night of Horror," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

In a private parlor attached to a suite of apartments in the Cataract House, Niagara Falls, two gentlemen were seated one afternoon in September, 1865. The elder was past sixty years of age, small of stature, with a face upon which traces of sorrow, as well as age, were visible. His companion was fully forty years his junior, and possessed regular features, bearing the unmistakable stamp of resolution and tenacity of purpose. His keen gray eyes looked out from beneath a pair of heavy brows, and a wavy brown mustache partially hid his firm, set mouth. His hair, which was dark and inclined to curl, was worn long, and combed back from his broad but not very high forehead. Indeed, Frederick Norton was what women would call a handsome man, yet there was something in his appearance not calculated to favorably impress a skilled physiognomist. He was not a popular man in the general sense—he was too reserved and cold in his manners to make friends readily. For ten years he had been the general assistant and almost constant companion of Richard Thorndyke, the man who was seated opposite him.

Richard Thorndyke was by birth an Englishman. When he was ten years of age his parents emigrated to this country, and his father, being a farmer, invested the limited means of which he was the possessor in a tract of land on Long Island, to the cultivation of which he turned his sole attention, but success did not crown his efforts, and soon the relentless hand of the law wrested from him the last remnant of his little fortune. The unfortunate man did not long survive his losses, and he left a penniless widow and a young and inexperienced son to battle with the world.

Richard was at this time but fifteen years of age; but he possessed courage and rare judgment, in addition to determination of character. Soon after his father's death, he and his mother moved to New York, where he succeeded in obtaining employment which enabled him to provide an unpretentious home for both. His evenings he devoted to the study of civil engineering, and five years later his mother died, and an opportunity presenting itself for him to go West in the employ of a prominent surveyor, he availed himself of it. He succeeded admirably in his new profession, and before the age of thirty had built up a reputation as a competent and able engineer was fully established, and his fortune had assumed very respectable proportions. He was about forty years of age when he married and settled in the new and rapidly-growing city of Chicago, and his only child—a girl—was shortly afterwards born. The first few years of his married life were passed in complete happiness; but in an unfortunate moment of credulity—which he could not insist upon having a change of air and scene. A route was consequently arranged, embracing several places of interest, and so, accompanied by his daughter and Frederick Norton, the tour was undertaken. Hence we find this little party at the opening of our narrative at Niagara Falls, where they are to remain a few days.

From our recent conversations," said Frederick Norton, raising his eyes inquiringly to the face of his employer, "I judge you have decided to settle permanently in this country."

"Yes, Frederick," replied the old gentleman. "It is my intention to retire from active life. I am in failing health, my income is more than ample, and there is certainly no reason why my declining years should not be passed in repose, free from the anxieties and annoyances attending the pursuit of business."

"In that case," replied Frederick, "you will have no further use for me, I presume."

"I shall not have," answered the old gentleman; "but I have a plan for the advancement of your welfare, which I have been in my employ now twelve years, and your care and attention to business, and the interest you have always displayed in my affairs, have won my highest esteem and confidence."

"I fear," replied the young man, "you are, from your natural goodness of heart, rather inclined to overestimate my qualities."

"No, Frederick," said Mr. Thorndyke, "you must not mistake the utterance of truth for the hollow, unmeaning words of flattery. The time has arrived for me to explain my plans to you. I have made up my mind to seek a home in some quiet spot, away from the din and confusion of the busy world, where I can pass the remainder of my days peacefully with my motherless child, who will be the possessor of the father of whom she has known so little. You are aware that in a moment of anger and folly I made an unjust will, cutting my daughter off with a mere pittance and leaving the bulk of my fortune to you. In atonement for this injustice I have decided to repair the bitter wrong I did her by making her the sole inheritor of my fortune, and deeming the balance of my life to her care and comfort."

"I am more than happy to hear you say this, sir!" exclaimed Frederick. "It is but right and just that Miss Ella should receive all. I am only a stranger, and have no right to accept from you more than my services are worth."

"They have proved more valuable than you imagine them, perhaps," said the old gentleman, smiling. "You will certainly acknowledge that I am the best judge of their worth, and I feel that in justice to you I could do no less than see you well established in some good business, and this I have determined to do. When we return to Chicago I want you to look about, settle upon a business, and such capital as you may require to conduct it is at your disposal."

"My dear Mr. Thorndyke," said the young man, grasping his employer's hand, "you are more than kind, and I cannot find words in which to express my gratitude."

But there was something in the tone of his voice suggestive of insincerity, and the expression of his features, as his eyes turned from Mr. Thorndyke's face and sought a distant part of the room, was certainly not indicative of any great degree of happiness. The gentleman, however, failed to notice the change in his companion's manner, for he continued:

"You need waste no words in thanks, but for the present let us dismiss the subject. While I think of it, I must inform you that our party and a few of the other guests have arranged to take a moonlight stroll this evening below the falls. You will of course go?"

"Thank you, yes," he replied, "with pleasure." Then, rising, he asked: "Is there anything you wish me to do for you now?"

"Nothing," replied Mr. Thorndyke. "As I have some letters to write between this and supper-time, I will not detain you longer;" and he turned towards the escritoire which rested upon the table before him.

"Then I think I will take a smoke and a short walk," said Frederick, producing a cigar-case from his pocket.

"That is right," said Mr. Thorndyke, as he arranged his paper and prepared to write.

The young man bit the end off his cigar, and, taking a match from the case on the table, lit it, and after a puff or two slowly moved towards the door, where he paused for a moment and looked again at the old gentleman, whose back was towards him. His cold gray eyes glistened strangely, and the lines about his mouth deepened. What was it that caused his features to assume so dark an expression for an instant? Certainly there was something evil in the thought which occupied his mind, for his sinister glance was indicative of anything but good.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Thorndyke continued writing steadily for more than an hour, but, as stated, was he in his work that he failed to notice the opening of the door and the entrance into the apartment of a beautiful girl, with wavy chestnut hair and luminous brown eyes, who crossed to where he was seated, and, resting her hand gently upon his shoulder, stooped and kissed his forehead.

"Ella, darling!" exclaimed the old gentleman, drawing her towards him and returning her salute of affection. "I did not hear you enter."

"No," she replied, with a smile. "Your mind was evidently in the clouds. But I am so glad you are alone, for I want to chat with you—I have been feeling depressed all day." Then, noticing a far-off expression in his eyes, she exclaimed: "But you, too, are sad."

"I—I was only thinking," he replied quickly.

"Thinking of what?" she asked, softly stroking his thin hair.

"Of the past, my child," he replied in a broken voice. "You do not know to what extent I wronged you and your poor dead mother. Not satisfied with deserting you both, I executed, while abroad, a will in favor of Frederick Norton, which would, in the event of my decease, deprive you, my innocent child, of all but a mere fraction of the fortune I have accumulated. This unjust document I placed in the hands of my solicitors, Lambley & Dade, Temple Bar, London, with whom it still remains, and I would pray God you never knew of this. Heaven brought me to the realization of my sin in time for me to make some reparation. But why was not that gentle woman spared, that I might prove to her my sorrow for the past—show myself worthy of her forgiveness?" and, burying his face in his hands, he sobbed like a child.

"Compose yourself, dear father—do!" exclaimed Ella, throwing her arms around his neck. "I know my mother loved you, and before her death forgave everything. Now let us strive to forget the past, and from this moment never refer to it again."

"My dear child," he replied, after a brief pause, "my sole object now is to insure your happiness—to atone for what I have done. With that end in view I have made a new will, bequeathing my entire estate to you at my death," and he drew from his pocket a folded document and extended it towards her, adding: "See, this is it."

Without realizing what she did, she took the paper from his hand and mechanically opened it; but when her gaze rested upon its contents the tears came into her eyes, and, placing her head upon her father's shoulder, she said tenderly:

"O father! let us think no more of wills and death, but strive rather to enjoy what brightness there is in life for us!"

Upon the table beside the escritoire stood the old gentleman's hat, and into it, in an absent manner, she thrust the will. Little did she dream, poor child, that that simple act would exert a powerful influence over her future life. Then, arm in arm together talking—this old man and his lovely daughter—building castles and indulging in bright dreams of the future—dreams which were, alas! never to be realized—until the daylight had almost faded from the room; then she arose, and, kissing him again, retired to dress for tea, while he finished writing his letters.

In the meantime Frederick Norton's "short walk" had carried him several miles from the hotel. So absorbing were his thoughts that he did not realize the distance he had gone, until the shades of evening began to gather and lights to appear in the windows of the houses here and there. Then he turned and retraced his steps. He was evidently in no very happy mood, for his brows were contracted, his face was pale, and his lips were compressed.

"So he intends making a new will," he angrily muttered as he left the room; "everything is her, and the fortune I had hoped one day to possess is to slip from me at last. If I could only gain her love! But that is impossible. She makes no effort to conceal her aversion for me. The man who wins her heart must possess a nature strongly imbued with romance, and powerful in its magnetism. I am cold and practical naturally, yet there is something in my heart which tells me I love her as deeply as I could love any woman in any human being. I could never worship any woman —no, my idol is money. There is nothing money can not procure, except love. Yet women are bought, even in this civilized country. Wealth commands the highest respect of cities. Upon it rests into love. If Ella Thorndyke were poor and I rich, might not matters be far different from what they are? What stands between me and fortune? Nothing but a mere sentiment—a mere trifle! The will in England still exists. Great Heaven! Why do such thoughts enter my brain? Am I losing my senses—going mad?"

And, clinching his hands until the nails pierced the flesh, he quickened his pace, plunging recklessly along, as if anxious to escape from his own evil thoughts. The twilight deepened into darkness, and still he pushed blindly onward, unmindful of the briers and undergrowth which clutched at his clothing and tore his hands. He had not the faintest idea of where he was. For more than an hour he had been rushing madly ahead in this manner. Suddenly a man stepped into the path before him. He started back nervously. It was too dark for him to see the face of the stranger, who exclaimed:

"I beg your pardon, but is this Mr. Norton?"

"That is my name," he replied.

"I'm glad I came across you, as I did," said the man. "You have evidently mistaken your way, and your friends are beginning to become worried about you, fearing you might have met with an accident—accidents occur very often here, you know."

"I suppose so," replied Frederick; "but I am perfectly safe and sound. I am happy to say. I walked further than I imagined I had, and lost my way returning in the darkness. Do you belong at the Cataract House, may ask?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other. "I do odd jobs about there."

"Evidently I am not on the right path to return," said Norton.

"You are not," answered the man. "You should go back and take the first path to the right. Shall I show you the way?"

"It is not necessary," he replied. "Take this for your trouble," and he handed the man a small coin. The stranger thanked him, and was turning to go, when Norton, taking a cigar from his case, exclaimed: "One moment, my good fellow! Can you oblige me with a match?"

"I think so," replied the man, feeling in his pockets, and a moment later he produced one and ignited it on the sleeve of his rough coat.

The sulphur burned away, and a clear light fell upon the face of both men. As the eyes of the stranger met those of Frederick Norton he started, and his face became ashy pale. Norton eyed him sharply as he asked:

"What is your name?"

"They call me Bob," replied he.

"I have seen that face before," muttered Norton, as he turned away and disappeared in the darkness.

The man who had said his name was Bob stood peering after him for several seconds; then, with a half-smothered moan, he exclaimed:

"He here! I had hoped not to lay eyes on his face again. He did not recognize me, I am so changed —so changed. Yet I must go from here at once. I must not risk meeting him again, for, should he discover who I am, he would denounce me as an escaped convict, and have me taken back to prison. I will leave this place to-night."

He turned, and the next instant was lost in the black shadow of the trees.

When Frederick Norton entered Mr. Thorndyke's private apartment, half an hour later, no trace of the conflict which had taken place within him was to be seen on the table he found several letters ready for the post. He took them up, and ran over their directions carelessly. Suddenly his eyes rested upon one addressed "Lambley & Dade, Temple Bar, London, England." The blood mounted to his cheeks, and his heart beat violently. For a moment he hesitated; then he slipped the letter into his pocket, and quietly proceeded to put the necessary stamps upon the others. When he handed the hotel clerk a packet of letters for the evening's mail, ten minutes later, there was one remaining in his pocket which should have accompanied the others.

CHAPTER III.

Angelo Montbarrie was the name of a young gentleman whose acquaintance Mr. Thorndyke and his daughter had formed since their arrival at the Falls. Through the death of an uncle he had come into the possession of a handsome fortune, and was making his first tour of the country. He was proud of his French ancestry and exceedingly fond of the opposite sex, to whose charms he was highly susceptible. He was a very brilliant conversationalist, he was not, however, without his good qualities. He was even-tempered, sympathetic, and generous to a fault. Mr. Montbarrie was in love—or at least he fancied himself to be. The object of his passion was the youngest daughter of a wealthy and fashionable widow-lady named Stevens. His first meeting with her had taken place only two days before his introduction to the reader, in the parlor of the hotel. The first glance of Emma Stevens' bright, laughing blue eyes had pierced to his very heart. Already his appetite had forsaken him, and his nervous system was becoming sadly deranged.

For more than an hour he had been pacing his room in a vain endeavor to quiet the agitated spirit within him. Presently the thought that a walk in the open air might produce the desired effect suggested itself, so off he started for a stroll before tea.

* * * * * * * *

Beneath a tree, some distance from the hotel, two men were seated in the gathering twilight. One—a large fellow, with hard, repulsive features, short, bristling hair, and a beard of several days' growth, his back resting against the trunk of a tree—was drinking from a bottle, while the other, a cadaverous-looking wretch, was voraciously devouring a chunk of rare fat beef. A single glance at this pair was all that was necessary to convince one that they were perfect specimens of that abominable pest the tramp.

"Leave a drop for me, Morry!" exclaimed the smaller man of the two to the other.

"Didn't I say I would?" replied the other gruffly, withdrawing the bottle from his lips and passing it to his companion, who seized it eagerly, and, wiping the nozzle with his ragged sleeve, took a long draught.

"I say, Scanty," said Morry, laying his hand upon the arm of his companion, "keep some fer by-and-bye."

"All right," replied Scanty, returning the bottle to its owner; then, after an interval of silence, he added: "Morry, what do yer say to our relievin' the fancy chap as passed here a while ago o' his walluables?"

"I was a-thinkin' o' the werry same thing myself," replied Morry. "It's gettin' pretty dark, and we coud do it widout a shadder o' risk. How is yer nerves?"

"Splendid," answered Scanty. "There's nuthin' like a square meal ter give a feller confidence in hisself. When my stomach's full I'm all right, but when it's empty I aint no good whatever."

"He looked as if he carried about enough wid him ter pay us fer ther trouble," said Morry reflectively.

"Why, didn't yer note the chain he has, and the diamond he wears in his shirt?" exclaimed Scanty. "Why, it shines like a calcium-light at a peritical meetin', and I shouldn't be afraid ter bet he's got a sizey roll o' banknotes in his pocket. The job aint by no well."

"So it will," replied Morry; "and if he comes back this way let's go for him."

"All right," responded Scanty; "he'll be sure to pass here again. He's come along two nights handsumin' just about ther same time."

"Well," said Morry, "we'll have ter do ther job neat, yer know. I'll sneak up ter him from behind, and when I've got him tight you go through him fer ther swag. If we had a piece o' stout cord we could tie his hands and feet and gag him, and leave him under the bushes there, where they wouldn't find him right off. We'd have more time, then, ter get away safe."

"Here's the very thing yer want," said Scanty, producing from his pocket a roll of strong, heavy twine, "and this'll do ter stop his mouth;" and he held up a ragged and much-soiled handkerchief.

"Hist!" exclaimed Morry, suddenly stooping forward and listening. "There's someone comin'; it's him, I'll bet. Make yerself scarce now; but stand ready, if it is our man, to do yer part o' ther work."

Stealthily they disappeared beneath the bushes which grew along the roadside. The sound of approaching footsteps became more quite distinct. Nearer and nearer drew the sound, and presently Mr. Monthbarrie appeared around a curve in the road, little dreaming that danger lurked near. Suddenly a dark figure sprang out of the bushes near him, and a hand grasped his throat, while the next instant, before he could utter more than one faint cry for help, his arms were pinioned and a gag was pressed into his mouth. Then he was forced back upon the earth, and two forms bent over him. He felt a sensation of being deprived of air, and in vain he struggled to release himself. He tried to rise, but a powerful arm thrust him back.

"Go fer ther pocketbook," he heard one of his assailants say in a horse whisper, "while I make sure o' ther diamond."

At the same instant there was a crackling sound in the bushes near by, and, raising his head slightly, he saw a man springing into the road. The thieves started to their feet. Then he heard a dull thud, and a cry of pain followed with a curse, and before he fully realized what had occurred he felt that his arms were free, and that he was being assisted to his feet. The sound of rapidly retreating footsteps reached his ear. He wiped away the great beads of perspiration which stood upon his brow, and looked about him. By the faint light of the moon, which was just appearing above the trees, he beheld a man standing before him. The stranger appeared to be twenty-five or thereabouts, and poorly dressed.

"Are you hurt, my friend?" asked the man anxiously.

"I think so," he replied confusedly. "Very much —that is, only a little—in fact, I don't know."

"You are rather shaken up, I imagine," said the man. "But have the scoundrels got away with any of your property?"

Mr. Montbarrie hastily felt through his pockets, and then passed his hand over the bosom of his shirt.

"No," he replied; "I have lost nothing—they have only broken my watch-chain, that is all."

"There is a pretty piece of it dangling," he said, "But one of them will have a sore head to nurse for some days to come, for I gave him a sound rap over the head with this slender twig;" and the stranger placed in Mr. Monthbarrie's hand a cudgel as large around as a man's wrist.

"Good Heavens! You don't mean to say you hit him with this?"

"That's exactly what I do mean to say."

"But the fellow ran away afterwards."

"That is true, with the exception of a piece of his coat, for, had he remained, I should have given him a sound thrashing."

"But a single blow from this would have killed me."

"Quite likely; but, then, you are not a tramp."

"Well, not exactly. I am happy to say. But do you think you could stand up under a blow from a club like this?"

"Well, I'll say positively, though I'm pretty well accustomed to blows of all kinds. I tell you what, it takes a heap—as they would say down South—to kill a tramp."

"A tramp!" and Mr. Monthbarrie's hand clutched his watch as he felt for a step or two. "You certainly do not mean to say you are a tramp!"

"That's just about the truth of it, sir. But you needn't be afraid of me. We find both good and bad in all grades of society, and I flatter myself that I am worthy gentleman of the brute creation. The fact is, I am a tramp from necessity, rather than choice."

"I infer from what you say that you would gladly abandon the profession if you could—am I right?" asked Mr. Montbarrie.

"You are not very far out of the way, I confess," replied his companion.

"From your general manner and way of expressing your opinions, you have not always been what you at present are."

"Right again," answered the stranger. "There was a time I could hold my head as high as any man."

"But what caused your downfall?"

"Wine, women and fast associates. It is the old story again. Moderate income, extravagant ideas and neglect of business, resulting at last in the loss of my property, and I'm not ashamed to say it," he replied, with a shade of sadness in his tone.

"Have you no plans for the future?"

"None. I sometimes indulge in vain dreams—think of what I would do if I could—but I always wake to the stern reality that there is no prospect but misery, no future but eternity." There was that intensity of earnestness in his tone which proved that his words came from the depths of his heart. "If I had a trade or profession," he added, "I might succeed in lifting myself out of the mire; but for a man with no marked ability in any particular line, with only a general knowledge of business, and no influence at his back, to raise himself once he gets down is next to an impossibility."

"I suppose so," replied Mr. Montbarrie thoughtfully; then, suddenly turning, he exclaimed: "I sincerely beg pardon, but I quite forgot to ask your name."

"My name," replied the other, "is Nat Garvin—Nathaniel, you know—but Nat for short. I like it better—it sounds offhand."

"Mr. Garvin," said his companion, extending his hand, "you have done me a great service to-night—doubtless saved my life—and I am very, very grateful to you, and it may be that I can prove my gratitude in a more substantial manner than by the mere utterance of words. If you will walk with me to my hotel, we may be able to hit upon some plan through which you can recover your lost position."

"Thank you," replied Nat.

For some distance they walked along in silence; then Mr. Montbarrie suddenly asked:

"If you had a few hundred dollars, what would you do?"

"My first step would be to break away from old associations. I should leave the country, seek a new field, and work to reestablish myself and become a gentleman once again."

"Where would you go to commence your new life, if you had money?"

"To Australia, I think," replied Nat. "It is a new country, and I understand a man of grit and energy can accomplish wonders there."

"How much money would you require to carry out your plan?"

"I do not know," Nat answered. "I have never calculated."

"Do you consider $500 would be enough?"

"More than enough."

"Mr. Garvin, I have confidence in you," and Mr. Montbarrie laid his hand upon his companion's shoulder, "and I will give you that sum to-night."

For a moment Nat stood motionless; he was dumb with astonishment. Then he seized the hand of his new friend and made an effort to express his gratitude; but his heart was too full—he could not speak. Something warm fell upon Mr. Montbarrie's hand. He knew it was a tear, and it spoke what words could not express.

When Nat Garvin parted with Mr. Montbarrie, half an hour later, he was the possessor of $500, and his heart was overflowing with happiness at the prospect of a new life before him. He was almost beside himself with joy. He wept and laughed by turns. He walked along, for a length he stopped before an unpretentious house, which stood back some distance from the road. Opening the gate, he crossed the plot of ground before it and knocked at the door. A woman carrying a child in her arms answered his summons.

"Has Robert been here to-night?" he asked.

"Yes; he was here about half an hour ago," she answered. "He was excited, and acted very strangely—quite unlike himself. He told me he was going away to-night, and had come for the things he left here before he got the place over at the hotel. He got them together, rolled them all up, bid me good-bye and started off."

"Did he not tell you where he was going or when he would return?" he asked.

"No," replied the woman. "That's the strangest part of it. If I had not known Bob Stanford these six months, I should say he had been doing something wrong, and was running away for fear of being found out. But that can't be. I'm altogether perplexed."

"So am I," he replied. Then, bidding the woman good-night, he turned away. "Poor fellow!" he said to himself, "something has occurred to harrow his old horror. I pity him from the bottom of my heart. Poor fellow! poor fellow!" and he walked slowly away in the darkness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DON'T JUDGE A MAN BY HIS DRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ANNIE M. CURTIS.

Oh, speak not a harsh word in greeting,
Nor turn from the lowly with scorn;
There often a kindly heart beating
'Neath raiment old-fashioned and worn;
Then strive, while earth's ways here you travel,
Some dull life to brighten and bless—
A kind word costs nothing—be civil,
And don't judge a man by his dress.

Who values the riches one gathers,
If want must cry ever in vain?
What measure you mete unto others
To you shall be meted again;
The mills of the gods may grind slowly,
Yet surely, neverth-less;
Then reach a kind hand to the lowly,
And don't judge a man by his dress.

'Twere wise to be chary in scorning
The bearer of poverty's load.
For smith may take wings without warning—
There's often a turn in the road;
The proudest may soon find the level
Of those they would pain and oppress;
Then speak not in language uncivil,
Nor gauge a man's worth by his dress.

NUNA:

A HINDOOSTANEE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MNEMOSYNE.

We were talking of the Nautch girls and their dancing, and, knowing that my companion had once traveled in their country, I asked the question:

"Did you ever see them performing at home, Cari?"

"Yes," he answered; "and well I remember the night, for it was nearly fatal to me in more ways than one."

"Fatal?" I repeated. "Please explain."

"First so from the heat, the thermometer being close to a hundred under the punkah, and—you will hear before I finish. It was a burning, sweltering evening, and Calcutta-like all over. I had imagined all kinds of gorgeous surroundings, entrancing music, ravishingly beautiful forms and faces, jeweled dresses, and tiny feet that fairly twinkled as they went through the voluptuous dance, and so was delighted when I received an invitation from an old Rajah to attend a Nautch."

"I say you well might have been," I remarked, as he paused to relight his cigar.

"You may depend it required no ordinary effort to dress and go out; but I summoned up courage, and, after being carried through crooked and dimly-lighted streets and running the gauntlet of suspicious and banditti-looking Budmashes, my palanquin reached a great gateway, and I saw lights streaming from the windows and heard the most confused sounds."

"Something after the fashion of a ball in our own country, I presume?"

"Yes; for the Nautch was at its height. Well, I alighted, passed through an immense garden, in which fountains were throwing their cool spray upward, and flowers filling the air with perfume, which was literally crowded with statuary, up wide steps and into a large and densely-crowded room. And never saw I more of light. In every possible nook and corner and every available place on the walls were lamps and candlesticks. In fact, it was all lamps and pictures and mirrors. Around were couches of bright colored velvet, trimmed and fringed with gold. There were tables richly carved, rugs of tiger-skins, and trophies of the chase, such as tusks of elephants, horns of deer, and grim heads of boar."

"showing that your Rajah was a man of sport as well as wealth."

"True. The company were mostly Bengalees and stately Orientals, but there was a sprinkling of foreigners like myself. The air was hot to suffocation, the marble walls seemed to fairly glow with the heat, and, had it not been for the boys flinging rose-water around and a constant supply of brandy-pawnee, one would have fainted."

"What would you have given just then for a cool sea-breeze, Cari?" I asked a trifle maliciously.

"Half a dozen and a few thousand to the owner of them. But I was there to see, and, hearing the soft, tinkling sound as of a guitar, I forced my way through the crowd into another room, and saw the serpent-charmers and jugglers in full blast."

"Are they as wonderful as the descriptions we read would have us believe?"

"Yes; as many an old Brahma exclaimed while smoothing down his long beard: 'Wah! wah! Is it not wonderful?' But I have not time to think of such things now. In fact, I gave them little attention, having often witnessed their performances."

"You were too much interested in the Nautch girls," I replied, with a smile.

"Certainly; and pressing into still another room, where there was music, I caught glimpses of flying robes, gay head-dresses and swiftly-moving feet. At last I reached them, and my dreams of the poetry of motion, tinged it might be with romance, were to be verified."

"And you were satisfied?"

"No, utterly disappointed. Nautch girls they were, but the scene of graceful or beautiful—dumpy in figure, ill-dressed, wrapped in dirty muslin and tawdry tinsel, and anything but attractive. I turned away almost in disgust, and was crowding out into the garden, when suddenly a gong clanging out sounded above the clamor. 'Nuna! Nuna!' was repeated exultingly by every lip, and I resumed my place in the ring that had been enlarged, and saw—"

"Your ideal of a Nautch divinity."

"Something at least approximating to it. She was taller and more slender than the generality of her race. Her limbs and arms were faultlessly molded; her movements the most charming, graceful abandon; her hair long, black as night and glossy as satin; her face finely featured and animated, and her eyes piercing and sparkling as twin stars. Her dress was of thin and costly muslin, spangled with gold. Around her neck and hanging down on her bosom to her waist hung a string of pearls that would have made the heart of an American girl burn with envy. On the wrist, and about the ankles were golden bands, broad and heavy. Her feet, and little ones they were, had for covering slippers of silver cloth, upon which had been embroidered stars and flowers the finest of gold wire, and having each a jewel for a heart. Her age could not have been above sixteen, and as she glided around I fancied I had never seen anyone so nearly the perfection of movement."

"An Eastern houri. But of the dance?"

"That almost baffles description. It was not what you would call a dance, but rather a slipping, sliding motion, with sensuous swaying of body and movements of limbs and arms, languid, dreamy, amatory, flexile, strangely fascinating, at times spiritual, and then verging upon the grossly sensuous. Then, with a sudden change, an intense production that would be out of place in a colder clime."

"And, as it is easy to see, interested you greatly."

"So much so that for a time I became dazed."

"By the intoxication of beauty or brandy-pawnee?" I laughingly questioned.

"Not by the latter, certainly. I had grown too wise to invite brain-lever by an overindulgence in stimulant. But I must acknowledge that the face and the subtle movements, now swift and now sinuous, of the girl had a strange effect upon me —one that all the dancing I had ever before seen had failed to produce."

He paused, as if there was something in the recollection that both puzzled and amazed him, and, after a vigorous puffing of his cigar, he resumed with:

"I don't know how long I watched her, for she seemed tireless and did not pause (as did the others) to visit the tables set out along an avenue of bamboos and branches, and lighted *a la* Bengalee, and loaded with ices, fish, meat, fruit, cake, currie, preserves and the heterogeneous mass that goes to make up such a supper, or indulge in the drinks with which the others frequently refreshed themselves. Neither did I. My time was all taken up in watching the girl."

"You were fascinated?"

"Yes; and a very similar feeling came over me to that I had experienced when watching the dancing serpents, the eyes of the hideous cobra emitting fiery sparks, or the representation of the manner the Thugs steal upon their victims and strangle them to death."

"Not a very pleasant feeling, Carl," I remarked.

"Far from it—a hideous nightmare; and more than once I endeavored to break the spell I was laboring under."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, with a sudden light flashing upon me. "I understand it. There are famous mesmerists among her race."

"Or, as they say, those who have power 'to lock up the eyes.' No; it was not that, for I never was more free in mind and body. Yet remain I did, and at last saw that she had ceased dancing, and stood panting from her long and excessive exertion, and our eyes met."

"For the first time?"

"Except the most casual of glances; for hers had been dropped as if she was suffering from bashfulness or ashamed of her position. And as they did so, and I fancied I saw her lips parting with a welcoming smile, I was involuntarily drawn to her side and addressed her."

"In her native tongue?"

"Of course. She understood no other. I had become familiar with it during my residence. You remember I was an attache."

"Yes—I had forgotten."

"As I ceased speaking—simply words of praise —her hand swiftly and dexterously touched mine for an instant, and her answer came so low as not to be overheard by any other ear above the monotonous thumbing of the native lute and tambourine, as she whispered: 'Not here—at the end of the garden.'"

"And you were rash enough to keep such an appointment after the knowledge you must have had of the remarkably unpleasant fashion they have in that country of walling up faithless wives and their lovers?" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes; but it was not from any sudden and overmastering love, as you imagine. Curiosity would be nearer to it—an intense desire to talk with and know more of her."

"And ran the risk of the bowstring or being disemboweled?" I answered, with an involuntary shudder.

"I had no thought of consequences. I would most probably have given no heed to them if I had, for I was thoroughly—well, call it charmed. Something, I have forgotten what, called my attention away for an instant, and when I turned my head again she was gone. But, taking the cue from the direction in which her hand had been waved, I hastened to get clear of the press, avoided the crowd around the other dancing Nautch girls, avoided the showers of rose-water, gave the noisy groups at the tables a wide berth, and at last reached the gardens. Every portion of the palace was open to visitors save only the sleeping-apartments, and before them the native female sepoys marched with a ceaseless tread, with their muskets upon their shoulders ready for use."

"And yet you were mad enough to proceed?" I could not refrain from exclaiming.

"I had little fear of them with a few rupees at command for bribery. Well on through the garden I passed towards the eastern end. That portion at least was silent and deserted, save now and then a native servant, rolled up from head to foot, asleep upon a mat and proof against awakening from anything short of an unusually terrific earthquake. At first I fancied the girl had played a trick upon me, but soon I caught sight of her lithe figure stealing along under the shadows of the trees and beckoning me forward."

"A fair temptation," I suggested.

"She paused," he continued, without regarding the interruption, "and I overtook her. For an instant her hand rested in mine, and I told her how strangely I had been interested, how beautiful and graceful she was compared with the others, and asked why she wished to see me alone. 'Sahib,' was answered in a voice as mournful as the sighing of the wind over graves, 'I am a slave. In your country they tell me all are free.' I told her such was the case. 'I am from Cashmere,' she responded."

"Ah! that accounts for her rare beauty," I said, thinking of the stories I had heard and the histories I had read of that land.

"Well, I questioned her closely, and found she wished to escape from her bondage, and desired me to assist her."

"A very dangerous undertaking when the number of sepoy guards and eunuchs is taken into account," I remarked.

"Much more so than you have any idea of," Cari answered. "But I gave that no thought. My brain was busy with how I could aid her, not thinking of what fate I might court or what would become of her in a strange land, or how the harem of such a man as the Rajah must literally fenced in with swords, of how easy I might be put out of the way, and no one be the wiser."

"That is, you were utterly regardless of your own life?"

"Yes, and, puzzled to know what to do, could only soothe the girl by kind words, and after quite a long conversation promised to meet her the next evening, and that in the meantime I would see how I could aid her."

"How?"

"By enlisting the sympathies of the captain of some ship and smuggling her out of the country. She impulsively threw herself into my arms, passionately kissed me, drew a silver bangle (a little piece of money, you know, worth about half an English crown) from the trimming of her dress, gave it to me as a remembrance, whispered the single word 'Remember,' and disappeared as a shadow."

"And you kept your word?" I questioned.

"Yes. I thought of nothing all the next day but the rare beauty of the girl, and, without seeing the slightest chance to aid her escape, returned the next evening to keep my tryst. She was dancing when I entered, our eyes met, hers flashed with thankfulness, and as soon as possible she stole away, and I followed. Out through the revelers she darted, I following close in her wake, until I was stopped by a friend, who insisted on my joining him in a game of bamboos and branches, and lighted *a la* Bengalee, and loaded with ices, fish, meat, fruit, cake, currie, preserves and the heterogeneous mass that goes to make up such a supper, or indulge in the drinks with which the others frequently refreshed themselves. Neither did I. My time was all taken up in watching the girl."

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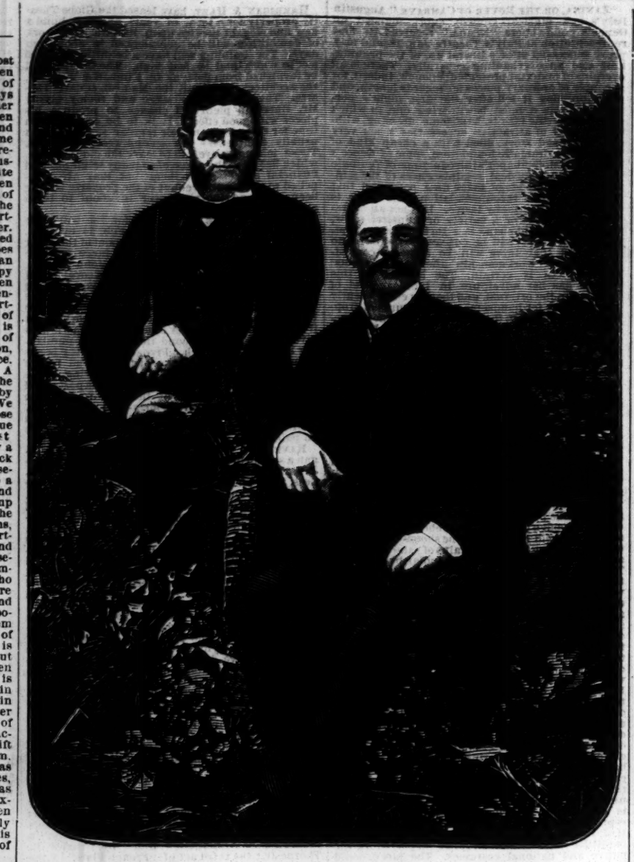
BASEBALL.

THE SHORT-FIELDING OF 1880.

Of late years the position of short-stop has almost become the key to the infield. The time was when the short-fielder was regarded simply in the light of a waiter on the pitcher. In the old Hoboken days short-stops were at one time thought to be rather in the way in the infield than otherwise; but when Johnny Grum, Dicky Pearce, Charley Thomas and other noteworthy occupants of that position, some twenty odd years ago, began to develop the resources of the short-stop, and to practically illustrate the points of the position, there was quite a change of opinion on the subject. Since then short-fielding has become the strongest force of the attacking power in the infield outside of the pitcher's position. The reason is that the short-fielder occupies the position of a sort of rover. Unlike the base-players, though he has a fixed position in one respect—standing as he does in the field midway between third-baseman and second-baseman—his duty is to occupy the position of all three of the basemen when occasion requires. Moreover, he is the general backer-up of all the infielders. No short-stop who does not excel in this special feature of his position is fit to occupy it. In addition, it is necessary that the short-fielder should be a man of quick perception, prompt to judge of a situation, to take in all the points of the position at a glance, and to be able to act quickly and with decision. A peculiarity of short-field play is that too often the reputation of a short-stop is made or marred by the character of the play of the first-baseman. We know of several short-stops in years gone by whose success in playing their position was largely due to the effective support given them by their first baseman. The short-fielder has many and many a ball come to him which is so hard to stop and pick up so as to throw it to a base that, unless the baseman happens to be a player who can pick up a sharply-thrown, bounding ball, or reach out and securely hold a wide side-thrown ball, or jump up and capture a high-thrown ball, the play of the short-fielder is sure to suffer. On such occasions, when hard-hit balls are well stopped by the short-fielder, and he scarcely has time to get them in hand to throw accurately, unless he is sure of his baseman, the hit yields an earned base. Hence the importance of having first-basemen in position who can not only do what ordinary first-basemen are called upon to do, viz., stop hard-thrown and straight balls, but who are able to shine in their position by stopping—if they cannot always field them—wide-thrown balls. The majority of the crowd of spectators cannot see how wide or bad a throw is made to first or second bases from short-field, but they can see whether it be held or not; and when the ball is held the most of the credit of the out is given to the short-stop for his assistance, when, in fact, but for the fine playing of the baseman in holding the wide or low thrown ball the runner would have secured his base. The beauty of George Wright's throwing to first base was his accuracy of aim; knowing his own power of swift throwing, he would wait until sure of his aim, and then let the ball go like a ride-shot. He has had many imitators in swift throwing to the bases, but very few in the accuracy of his aim, and it has been in that particular that he has so largely excelled. A swift thrower from short-field, even when supported by a first-class first-baseman, is a costly player as a general thing. He likes to show off his speed too much, and forgets too often the cost of the exhibition.

Of recent years the short-fielder has become a second second-baseman. This is caused by the increased attention to right-short fielding necessitated by the improved batting in hitting to right field. We are still of the opinion that the perfected game of baseball will ultimately have ten men in the field, the tenth man being the "right short-stop." But this cannot come until the attacking power of the batteries is equaled with that of the defense of the bat. When this is done, and batsmen have been allowed by new rules to practice scientific play at the bat by having opportunities given them to place the ball, and have familiarized themselves with the sort of "facing for the hit," the tenth man in the game will be found to have become a necessity. Even now right-short fielding is part and parcel of a second-baseman's work, and hence the necessity for the short-stop being obliged to play the part of second-baseman so frequently.

Another part of a short-fielder's work is his attending to the class of high fly-balls hit over the heads of the third or second baseman, and yet not far enough out to give the outfielders at left and centre a chance for a catch. The play of the second-baseman as a right short-fielder to come in here, when such high balls are hit to right field. The catching of these high fly-balls was a feature of George Wright's fielding, and his example was more successful by following him closely by other short-stops last season than ever before. A new point of short-field play in combination with the catcher was developed last season, and that was in the throwing of the ball by the catcher the instant a short-stop was standing in short. It occurred in the case of runners being on third and first base, when the latter would take a risk of being put out at second in order to get the runner on third base. The point was for the catcher, when he saw both the third and first base-runners off their bases, to throw to the short-fielder standing in the centre of a triangle formed by pitcher's position, first base and second base, with the second-baseman in position as well as the first. In such case, should the third-base runner run home, the short-fielder would have ample time to return the ball to the catcher, and, if not, then the ball could readily be thrown to second base in time to cut off the first base runner. Secure holding of the ball and swift and accurate throwing, of course, are essential to the successful playing of this point. The old point of throwing from catcher to short-stop's position, to induce a third-base runner to run home, is useless with a sharp base-runner. The point of all such throws is to have the play need it, as is the case when a player is trying to run down from first to second at the same time the third-base runner is trying to get home.



LAURENCE FOLEY AND JOHN THOMPSON.

We present above portraits of two prominent sporting men of Australia, who are well known, personally or by reputation, outside of the Antipodes. It may surprise our readers to know that the one whose prepossessing countenance is adorned with side-whiskers is the New South Wales middle-weight boxer "Larry" Foley, champion of the colonies, for there is nothing in his appearance suggestive of the popular idea of "the fighting man." Foley was born at Sydney, N. S. W., in 1851, stands 5 feet 8 inches in height, and weighs 147lb. We first heard of him about two years ago, when he covered a glove-fight he had to short-fight between him and Peter Newton, the former staking $1,000 against $500. They fought at Melbourne Dec. 2, 1878, contesting 47 rounds, in favor of Foley, when, as matters were thought to be getting too exciting, the police interfered and stopped it. Foley was seconded by Jack Thompson and Sam Isaacs, while Newton was waited upon by Abe Hicken and Ned. Bitten. The match aroused much enthusiasm, and great betwen the Thompson and Hicken factions, and so well did Foley perform that a match was made for him to fight Abe Hicken with the "raw uns," for five thousand dollars and the championship of Australia. Abe Hicken is the boss boxer of the city, in January of that year, the authorities stopping the combat after fifty-five rounds had been contested. Hicken was then backed by the Thompsons, between whom and Christie bad feelings had been engendered, and efforts were made to have Abe and Christie come together again, this time under the regular rules of the P. R., on turf. Mutual friends prevented this consummation, however, but the Thompsons were determined to force Christie into the ring, and finally the latter consented to meet Jack within the ropes. A match for $1,000 a side was accordingly made, and they met as above mentioned, about two hundred persons witnessing the encounter, which, contrary to expectation, resulted in an easy victory for Thompson, who either knocked or fought his man down in every one of the ten rounds except the seventh, in which he threw him heavily. Thompson was waited upon by his brother Joe and Sam Grimwood, his umpire being George Brusher; while Tom Curran (ex-champion of the colonies) and Snellin esquired Christie, whose umpire was Frank Brew. This was Thompson's first and last appearance as a principal in the roped arena. Since then he has mainly devoted his attention, in conjunction with his brothers, to turf matters, making considerable money by betting transactions. The brothers have also taken great interest in the Australian oarsman E. A. Trickett, whom Jack accompanied to England as chief adviser, and with whom he remained until after the decision of his match with Hanlan, upon which he and his brothers lost a great deal of ready cash. He is still in England.

HARRY D. STOVEY of the Worcesters has been engaged for the Winter season as night-clerk of the Bancroft House, New Bedford, Mass.

JOHN E. MANNING, formerly of the Bostons and of last year's Cincinnatis, intends playing professionally again next season.

AQUATIC.

A WOULD-BE SWINDLER'S LOSS.

The following, which we clip from *The Pittsburg Dispatch*, shows where merited punishment was meted out, by the double-cross system, to a pooleller who sought to defraud the public: "In Judge Bailey's Court Jan. 19 the veil was lifted and the lovers of aquatics were allowed a peep behind the scenes. The only charge was a charge of larceny by bailee brought by William T. Giessner, a pooleller, against Ed. Clator, the Wheeling oarsman. The prosecutor alleged that he brought Clator to this city and furnished his portion of the $1,000 stake for his race with Pat Luther on the 3d of last July. This race was won by Clator, who collected the stake and failed to repay the $500. The defense made by Clator was that Giessner sent for him and took him to a room at the St. Charles Hotel, where he proposed three races—the first to be won by Luther, the second by Clator, and the third by the one who would make the most money for the poolbox. He also named a man by the name of McClure as stakeholder, the understanding being that this stakeholder would receive the money, to be used by Giessner in buying pools on Luther. It was also alleged by the defense, and but feebly denied by the Commonwealth, that Luther's portion of the stake was furnished by the same party. Clator took the money, giving Giessner to understand that he would carry out the job. He did not take Giessner's stakeholder, but selected Walter Beaumont. This did not shake the Pittsburg man's confidence in Clator's intention to throw the race, but by the evidence the former was giving odds on Luther up to the hour of the contest. But Clator won the race, collected the stakes, skipped the town, leaving the pool-box in a stranded and bankrupt condition. Clator's attorney made the point that he must receive the money under conditions that enabled him to return the exact and identical bills delivered to him. This Judge Bailey affirmed, and the jury acquitted Clator without considering the other matters in dispute." After this exposure Mr. Giessner may as well shut up shop as a pooleller in that locality.

TRICKETT vs. HANLAN AND ROSS.

A rumor having been circulated to the effect that E. A. Trickett had expressed a desire for another meeting with Edward Hanlan and Wallace Ross, the Australian, in order to get himself right, has written a letter explaining his position, as follows: "He never told anybody that he had any present intention of rowing Hanlan, nor did he make any excuse for his defeat, beyond saying that he had met a better man. He might have been a little overtrained, but he felt well on the day of the race, and had every confidence in his ability to win. He does not wish his friends or the public to be misled, and imagine he is taking refuge in such excuses. He has not made up his mind to go to Canada. He simply said he would like to have another match with Hanlan next year. Respecting his meeting with Ross, Trickett says he certainly was very ill on the day of the first race, and many people in his condition would not have started. Still he persevered, and, as he considers, fairly won, though through a mistake on the part of the umpire he was not awarded the victory. He is by no means satisfied with his last defeat by Ross, and would like to have another match as soon as his health will permit of it."

BENJAMIN STEPHENSON, a member of the old and successful four-oared crew of the Argonauta Rowing Association of Bergen Point, N. J., died Jan. 8 at St. Augustine, Fla., of consumption. A couple of years ago he went to New Orleans, La., where he occupied a position of trust and responsibility, which he was compelled a few months ago to give up, and he visited Florida in the hope that the climate of that State would improve his rapidly-failing health. That his hopes were not realized his many friends in and out of the amateur ranks will sincerely regret to hear.

THE ATALANTA BOAT CLUB will hold their annual concert at Chickering Hall, this city, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 26, commencing at 8 o'clock. The concert will be under the direction of Signor Moderati, assisted by Mrs. Fred Lowerre, the Misses Annie and Jennie Parker, and Miss F. Bacot, Ch. Fritch, Willet Seaman Jr., Frank V. Marckwald, Henry Hilliard, Charles Hilliard, Mort. M. Weed and Geo. D. Morgan.

WALLACE ROSS AND R. W. BOYD have, we are informed by cable, made a match to row a race on the Thames River, England, some time in August next—probably the 15th, that being the date proposed by the Canadian.

GENTLEMEN'S SONS.—The seventeenth annual invitation masquerade ball of the Gentlemen's Sons Association of the Eleventh Ward is to take place in Ferrero's Assembly Rooms, Tammany Hall, Tuesday evening, Feb. 1. "Our Jim" claims to belong to the party.

SUFFERERS FROM ITCHING PILES will find permanent cure by use of Swayne's Ointment.—*The Ledger.*

JOHN G. STEAD, president of the Paterson (N. J.) Football Club, will be obliged if the secretaries of the different football clubs will send him their addresses. Direct to office of *Daily Guardian*, Paterson, N. J.

J. E. WARBURTON and M. J. O'Toole are matched to run twenty-five miles, for one hundred dollars a side, at Clinton, Mass., Jan. 27. Warburton allows his opponent a start of three-quarters of a mile.

A THREE-DAYS GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE RACE between Scott and Wilcox was closed Jan. 8 at San Francisco, Cal., Wilcox scoring 230 miles 15 laps, and Scott 229 miles 12 laps.

THE RING.

PRIZE-FIGHT IN IRELAND.

On Friday, Jan. 7, a well-planned mill between Duff and Callaghan (both previously unknown to fame) was brought off without any interference and with the utmost privacy at a well-selected spot some eighteen miles from Dublin, Ireland. The combatants are both young men, Duff being, it is said, a native of the county of Limerick, for some time serving in the army, while Callaghan, who enjoys the soubriquet of the Kid, claims Kildare as his birthplace, and for some time followed the occupation of a cattle-drover. It was mentioned that Duff had previously figured in some small skirmishes, but from the manner in which he and his antagonist acquitted themselves it was at once apparent that both are still novices. Duff appears to be about thirty years of age, stands about 5ft. 9in., and turned the scale at 174lb. Callaghan appears a few years older, about an inch lower in stature, but is a square-built, powerfully-made man, weighing 172lb. Thursday night was spent by both men, their backers, and a few friends in a small cottage close to the ground chosen for the mill, and when daylight appeared yesterday morning no time was lost in bringing matters to an issue. The weather was fine, but fearfully cold, a rather hard frost making the air keen and the ground crisp, if not hard. The fight took place in a deep pit in the centre of a field, and was well adapted for the purpose, as, when the spectators distributed themselves around its sides, and the men on the level piece of sward below, all were shut out from view. No ropes were used, and many of the usual formalities were dispensed with. Everything was well carried out. It was exactly a quarter past seven when the men stepped up, and, after forty-eight minutes, during which a dozen rounds were fought, Duff left off a clever victor. Appended is an account of

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The men eyed each other for a couple of minutes before Callaghan let out with his right, reaching Duff on the nose without doing any mischief, while Duff responded with one on the body. Callaghan again tried for the nose, fell short, but, coming again without an instant's hesitation, he caught Duff under the right eye, and received in return a terrific blow on the jaw, which sent the Kildare man down.

2. On coming up some blood was observable flowing from Duff's proboscis—the first blood for Callaghan—but he was perfectly unconcerned, and resumed proceedings with a sharp hit over his opponent's left eye, after which Callaghan delivered a sharp one on the mouth. Both men closed and fell, Duff under.

3. Callaghan betrayed some excitement, opening in a wild manner, and Duff, taking advantage of this, sent a swift right-hander on the mouth, Callaghan replying with some effect on the body. Some parrying ensued before Callaghan received a heavy blow on the mouth, from which claret flowed copiously, but it seemed only to nerve him for a terrific dash at Duff, whom he caught on the right ear and sent him down.

4. Duff came up smiling, and lost no time in delivering some telling blows, and, catching Callaghan across his arms, threw him heavily.

5. Callaghan now began to show signs of exhaustion, but he tackled his man gamely, only to receive considerable punishment.

6. Rushing at Duff, Callaghan sent a "homer" on his right peeper, which was already discolored from the visitations it received in the first round, but Duff, after his manner, became more savage. Duff, however, did not hang fire, and after a little manœuvring he sent a telling pop on the other's left cheek, which staggered him, and, Duff following this up with a right-hander on the chest, Callaghan went to grass for the first time.

7. They were at it again without much delay, but in a brief tussle Duff had much the best of the fighting.

8. Callaghan seemed to lose temper, but a word of encouragement from his friends caused him to settle down to work, and he struck a nicely-delivered smack under the eye, when Duff closed, hugged, and fell heavily on him.

9. Both men now showed marks of punishment, Callaghan having fared worst, and was evidently getting weak, as he hit out in a wild manner, tried to close, but was warded off by Duff, who punched his cranium to some effect.

10. For the first time an attempt was made at wagering, the price, Offers of 4 to 1 on Duff, which were not accepted, as the other was palpably beaten, and two sharp hits in succession on the upper lip and right cheek respectively settled the question.

11. Callaghan, very faint, came up to time, but made no effort to fight, and, giving an open opening, Duff put his left on the mouth, damaging the upper lip, and sending Callaghan down like a log of wood.

12 and last. Callaghan had to be roused to come to the scratch, but in mercy Duff gave him little more than a touch on the cheek, when he fell. Thus the fight resulted in a very decisive victory for Duff in exactly forty-eight minutes, as it was just three minutes past eight when "That's enough" from Callaghan's side explained that their man was beaten. Both showed considerable punishment, and for an hour or so the vanquished man was in a very weak condition; however, no time was lost in making him as comfortable as possible, and, restoratives being administered, he rallied quickly. Duff took his victory in a very quiet manner, and stated that in a short time he purposed going to England, where he hoped to get on a more important affair.

NEW ARRIVALS.

The force of sparrers engaged at Owney Geoghegan's "Old House at Home," 105 Bowery, was last week strengthened by the arrival of a quartet of masters of the art from across the Atlantic, the names are Jimmy Carney, Charley Hipkiss, Jimmy Wilder and Sam Breeze, who arrived on board the steamer Arizona on Monday, Jan. 17, under contract to Geoghegan. They are all well known pugilistic circles across the ocean, where all have gained a reputation for cleverness in the use of their props, bare or muffled. Carney beat Patsey Lee near Birmingham, Eng., April 9, 1879, after a two hours' battle, for a purse of £50, and has fought a draw with Dutch Sam, for a purse, 74 rounds, 2h. 2m., near London, July 21, 1880. Those who wish to see them perform should pay a visit to Geoghegan's, where they can see the quartet on the nightly "Their country" bill. Dan Crutchley, who has been here long enough to get pretty well posted, has been showing them the sights of the metropolis, and they express themselves well pleased with the stronghold of the democracy.

JOHNNY MORAN took a benefit at Lincoln Hall, Boston, Mass., Jan. 19, and was gratified to see enough people present to quite fill the hall. The entertainment was good, principally by local talent. Pete Shaughnessy and Jim Silvey, Billy Seelye and Scott, Billy Kilduff and Billy Maguinness, Patsy Sheppard and Tommy Drohan, Prof. Connelly and Jim Kallaher, Bill Busby and J. J. Bagley, Johnny Mack and Denny Kelly, Martin McMahon and Jack Stewart, Loran and McClelland, Pete Shaughnessy and Dailey, and Joe Goss and John Sullivan for the wind-up.

JIMMY KELLY AND FRANK WHITE met on Thursday, Jan. 20; but as the former's backer had gone out of town, not to return for a fortnight, White consented to leave his challenge open for that length of time.

DAN CRUTCHLEY has returned to Gotham, and desires to return thanks to the sports of Covington, Ky., for their kindness and hospitality while he was amongst them.

ATHLETIC.

BIBBY vs. ROSS.

The catch-as-catch-can wrestling-match between Edwin Bibby and Ross became an expert at this style of wrestling when yet in his teens, and is at the head of his class in America, and Duncan C. Ross, the well-known Scotch heavy-weight athlete, who has practiced wrestling considerably in this style—but little, was decided at Turn Hall, this city, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 19. Each contestant put up two hundred and fifty dollars, and the articles stipulated that the winner of three fair back-falls was to take the pot, to be munched together with two-thirds of the net door-money, the remaining one-third to go to the losing man. The rules governing the contest were those published by Ed. James. The large hall was nearly full of spectators, who enjoyed the really interesting exhibition given on the stage. As might have been expected from the past records of the men, Bibby's superiority as an exponent of wrestling gave him an advantage which the greater height, weight and strength of his opponent failed to overcome, and Ross, although proving himself a quicker man than it had been supposed he was, had to go down before the skillful Englishman. The first fall was gained by Ross by a right leg-lock in fourteen minutes and a half; the second by Bibby by a leg-and-shoulder hold (two shoulders down) in seven minutes and a half; the third by Bibby from a half-Nelson lock in seventeen minutes; the fourth by Ross, who got the full Nelson lock (Bibby taking matters easy this round), in eighteen minutes; and Bibby the fifth and last by the same hold from a leg-and-shoulder grip. That the winner could have settled the question sooner than he did was evident, but the Scotchman deserves credit for making as good a struggle as he did. The umpires were Ed. Drum for Bibby and Wm. Johnson for Ross, Edward Plummer acting as referee.

CURLING.

THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB achieved a noteworthy victory on Monday, Jan. 17, on the occasion of their match with the Jersey City Club, which took place on the curling-pond of the Jersey Cities, at Lafayette. Three rinks took part in the match, and the result was as follows:

CALEDONIAN.		JERSEY CITY.
R. Wisterbottom,		John Hughes,
J. Campbell,		R. A. McNish,
A. Walker,		A. McKnight,
D. Johnston, skip	24	James Love, skip..... 15
	Rink No. 2.	
J. L. McEwen,		D. Williams,
J. Fisher,		C. Cooper,
J. Tennankton,		J. C. Bailey,
D. Foulis, skip.....	17	J. Stephens, skip..... 25
	Rink No. 3.	
J. Birkett,		J. McKnight,
J. B. Gillie,		W. D. Edwards,
D. Muir,		H. C. Clarke,
W. Carmichael, skip.....	19	M. Seymour, skip..... 15
Total.....	60	Total..... 55

On Jan. 18 the Empire Club—composed largely of young American curlers—had a match with the Thistle Club at Central Park, the contest ending in a victory for the Empires, as will be seen by the appended score:

EMPIRE CITY.	Rink No. 1.	THISTLE.
J. Mack,		W. Meikle,
A. Maxwell,		H. Mitchell,
W. Crawford,		R. Mitchell,
J. R. Conley, skip.....	21	J. Mitchell, skip..... 16
	Rink No. 2.	
J. Sufferin,		W. Boyd,
R. Shaw,		George Bain,
R. Russell,		John Watt,
W. Symmers, skip.....	20	R. McCormick, skip..... 29
Total.....	51	Total..... 45

Majority for Empires, 6 shots.

The same day a one-rink match took place at Central Park between a side of which Jas. Simpson of the Thistles of Hamilton, Canada, was "skip," and Mills Thomson of the Ivanhoes of Pa[illegible] his opposing "skip." The result was as follows:

J. Smiley,		D. L. Leach,
David Balnan,		Major Ferguson,
G. McIntyre,		John Falconer,
Mills Thomson, skip.....	31	James Simpson, skip..... 10

Majority for Mr. Thomson, 21 shots.

A GAME was contested at Central Park, this city Jan. 18, by teams chosen by Skips James Simpson of the Thistle Club of Hamilton, Canada, and Mills Thomson of the Ivanhoe Club of Paterson, N. J., the latter side winning by a score of 31 to 10 shots.

ARCHERY.

NATIONAL ARCHERY ASSOCIATION.

This institution has hitherto not flourished to the extent it should have done, the reason of this being that the Association, instead of being a national one in character as its name implies, has been confined in its workings. This was mainly owing to the fact that it was started in the West, and its two national conventions and tournaments have been held there—one in Chicago and the other in Buffalo. At the last convention an effort was made to nationalize the movement by the delegates from the East who were present, and the efforts of the members of the Brooklyn Archery Club proved to be successful in this respect, and the close of 1881 bids fair to see a great gathering of archers, and the most successful tournament on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Association, which is to be held at Prospect Park in July next. With a view to be timely in perfecting the arrangements for the next convention, and especially the grand tourney, the executive committee of the National Archery Association have arranged to hold a special meeting in Brooklyn on Feb. 2. This committee is composed of John G. Colyer, the Chief-engineer of Prospect Park; Major Constable of Harper & Brothers, president of the Association and of the Brooklyn Archery Club, with J. K. Hoyt, Robert Lawrence of Flushing, Frank Walworth, Saratoga; William Thompson, Crawfordsville, Ind.; and E. B. Weston, Chicago, Ill. Frank Pearsall, secretary of the Association, says: "There are sixteen clubs at present belonging to the Association, as follows: Toledo (Ohio) Archers, Buffalo (N. Y.) Toxopholites, Highland Park (Ill.) Archers, Chicago Archery Club, Toxopholites of Des Moines, Iowa; Arden Archers of Marietta, Ohio; Robin Hood of Depere, Wis.; North-side Club of Chicago; Crescent Bowmen of Charlotte, Mich.; Hastings Archers of Hastings, Mich.; Brooklyn Archery Club; Commodus of Lawrence, Kas.; Merry Bowmen of St. Clair of Eaton, Ohio; Wabash Merry Bowmen of Crawfordsville, Ind.; Saratoga Bowmen and Oritani Archers of Hackensack, N. J. Applications from the following clubs have been made: New York Archers of New York City, Spuyten Duyvil Archers, Toxopholite Archers of Elizabeth, N. J.; Allegheny of Pittsburg, Pa.; and the Boston Archery Club of Boston, Mass."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

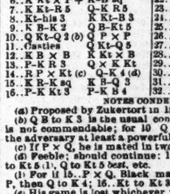
J. V. H., M. D.—Thank you; we will lay your eight-move solution of Problem 1,355 before our English cousins.

OUR GAME.—Will the contributors of our recent original games permit us to comment this week's splendid brevities to their especial consideration? We hope you will be pleased and profited by their study. Both are from *The Chess Monthly*.

WASHINGTON MULLER.—The distinguished Southern scholar, teacher and chess-player died about a month ago, near Lake City, Florida, at 73 years of age. J. Q. Orchard pays a glowing and honorable tribute to the talents and virtues of the deceased gentleman in the last number of *The Hartford Times*. Thus, one by one, Caissa's, like all other veterans, go to their true life and reward.

ARE PROBLEMS END-GAMES?—This subject seems to be one of those perennial outcroppings, always discussed but never settled. For our part, we have never seen anything to unsettle our faith in the position, taken many years ago by our able contributor John Schlesinger, that "a problem is not an end-game," should neither be so treated by the composer, or passed upon as such by the critic or umpire. The point of "impossible positions," so constantly mooted, has recently received a most amusing investigation in *The Croydon Guardian*. Mons. Emil Pradignat recently won a prize with a complicated problem, which was pounced upon as a conspicuous example of non-end-game qualities and impossibility. But, behold! it comes within the scope of what Brother Loyd would call "the actual-probable-possible." It is "actual," for M. Pradignat holds substantial testimony to its entity; it is "probable," for everything is probable till it is proved otherwise; and now the first competent hand that essays it *proves* it "possible" by taking the original array, making forty moves, and producing the identical position! In other words, it is within the "actual-probable-possible" that the French master sat down to the board with a friend and played a not very long game of forty moves, producing the following position:

BLACK.



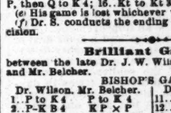
WHITE.

White announces mate in four moves!

Enigma No. 1,358.

"Gemini," the double-prize three-mover of *The Canadian Spectator* Tourney.

BY W. ATKINSON.

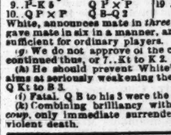


White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 1,358.

BY F. B. PHELPS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in two moves.

Game No. 1,358,

in Dresden, between Dr. C. Schmid and the Rev. W. Wayte.

SCOTCH GAME.

White. Dr. Schmid.	Black. Dr. Wayte.	White. Dr. Schmid.	Black. Dr. Wayte.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	14. P to Q 3	P to K Kt 3
2. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	15. Q Kt-B 4	Q-her B4
3. P Q 4	K P x P	16. Q Kt x B	Q x Q Kt (c)
4. B K 3 x P	P to Q 4	17. P x Q	P x Q
5. K Kt-B 5	P-Q 4 (a)	18. Kt 2d P x P	Q Kt-B 4
6. K Kt x P +	K-B sq	19. Q R-B 4	Q R-Q sq
7. K Kt-B 5	Q-K B 3	20. Q-R 6	P-Q 4
8. Kt-his 3	K Kt-B 3	21. Q-R Q 4	K-his B 2
9. K B-K 7	Q B-Kt 5	22. Q-B 6	Q R-Q 2
10. Q Kt-Q 2 (b)	Q P x P	23. P-Q R 4	Q Kt-K 5
11. Castles	Q Kt-Q 5	24. P-Q B 4	Kt-his 3
12. K B x B	K Kt x B	25. P-Q B 5 (?)	Q Kt-B 4
13. K Kt x P	K Kt x B	26. P-Q R 5	Q-Kt 3
14. R P x Kt (c)	Q-K 4 (d)	30. K R x B	K x K
15. K R-K sq	K B-Q 3	31. K-Kt sq	Q-K 4
16. P-K Kt 3	P to K 5	32. P-Q Kt 5, and wins.	

NOTES CONDENSED.

(a) Proposed by Zukertort in 1883.

(b) Q R to K 3 is the usual continuation. The novelty is not commendable; for 10 Q Kt to Q 5 at once gives the adversary at least a powerful counter-attack.

(c) If P x Q, he is mated in two.

(d) Feeble; should continue: 14...P to K R 4 *best;* 15..P to Kt 5 (!), Q to Kt 5 *best*, etc.

(e) His game is lost whichever way he retakes.

(f) Dr. S. conducts the ending with great vigor and precision.

Brilliant Gamelet

between the late Dr. J. W. Wilson of Clay Cross, Eng., and Mr. Belcher.

BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

Dr. Wilson.	Mr. Belcher.	Dr. Wilson.	Mr. Belcher.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	12. Q B to Q 3	P to K Kt to K 3 (h)
2. P x K B 4	K P x P	13. Q B-R 3	P-Q Kt 3
3. K B-B 4	Q-R 5 +	14. Q Kt x Kt	Q Kt x Kt
4. K-B sq	P to K Kt 4	15. Q-her 5	Q Kt-B 3 (i)
5. Q Kt-B 3	K B-Kt 2	16. Q R-K sq	Q R-Q sq
6. K Kt-B 3	Q-K 3	17. P-K 6	Q Kt x B
7. P-Q 4	P to Q 4 (g)	18. K P x P +	K-B sq
8. Q Kt-Q 5	K-Q sq	19. Q R x B	K-Kt sq
9. P-K 5	Q-Q R 3	20. Q-R 7	and Dr. Zukertort, for
10. Q x P	B-Q 2	White, announces mate in *three* moves; but Dr. Wilson gave mate in six in a manner, and with variations, quite sufficient for ordinary players.	
11. Q-K 3	P to K Kt 4		

(g) We do not approve of the classical defense, whether continued thus, or P...Kt to Q 4.

(h) He should prevent White's subtle design, which aims at seriously weakening the hostile position by 11.. Q Kt-her.

(i) Fatal. Q B to his 3 were the least bad continuation.

(k) Combining brilliancy with soundness; after this coup, only immediate surrender can save Black from a violent death.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

E. C. HUBBELL, New Haven.—We have none.

C. F. BAKER, Cambridgeport.—Thank you.

W. HAIRGROVILLE, Chatham.—Thanks for the game, which is marked for examination.

J. E. BRICKMAN, Annapolis.—Positions impossible as given. For example: White man on 4! Try again.

*** WILL EXPERTS please examine the analysis given by Mr. Higgins?

McCullough's Anderson Corrected?

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 12, 1881.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* In Game "Old Fogy and Mr. Variation 3, "McCulloch's Anderson," Black at first move goes 9 to 15; White replies 23 to 17, and draws. The play is as follows:

White.	Black.	White.	Black.	White.
13 to 22	31 to 17	10 to 17	19 to 1,	
14 21	25 14	etc.		

Suppose White at his second move goes:

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
20 to 16	11 to 20	23 to 14	10 to 17
21 17	14 21	26 to 23	

This would leave the position thus: Black men on 3, 5, 6, 12, 17, 20, 21. White men on 18, 24, 27, 28, 29, 30, King 2. Black's move. Variation 27 Black's first move is 9 to 13. White replies 25 to 22 and draws. If White, instead of 23 to 22, goes 23 to 18, and follows the line of play as given by me in Variation 3, the same position will be obtained. Can White force a win? I would like to have some of the "heavy-weights" examine it. Very truly,

WM. V. HIGGINS.

Game No. 45, Vol. 28.

Played between C. F. Baker and G. D. Bagbee, at Boston, Mass.

Black. Mr. Baker.	NEW FIFTEENTH. White. Mr. Bagbee.	White. Mr. Baker.	Black. Mr. Bagbee.
1...10 to 15	21 to 17	14...16 to 19	27 to 23
2...11 16 (a)	17 14 (b)	15...23 16	23 to 18
3...8 11	24 19	16...13 to 22	26 to 17
4...3 11	23 16	17...8 12	30 to 26 (c)
5...10 15	28 to 24	18...7 to 10	31 to 27
6...7 10	29 25	19...2 to 7	26 to 23
7...10 17	25 21	20...5 9	22 17
8...5 9	32 to 28	21...12 16	17 13
9...6 10	28 24	22...9 14	13 9
10...15 17	24 19	23...14 18	9 5
11...9 14	21 17	24...18 23	5 1
12...11 15	19 16	25...7 to 2	drawn.
13...15 18	22 15	26...23 to 27	Mr. Barker wins.

NOTES BY ED.—(a) 15 to 18 is the trunk move for a draw; 9 to 14 same draws; 11 to 16 is also given for a draw. See Variations 1 and 2 "Barker's Arena Checker players' Guide," the move in Mr. Bagbee's game is not given. (b) 14 to 9 is given for a draw. See Variation 12 and 13. (c) Mr. Barker plays the finish in good style. (d) Mastery! See White's motive in playing the move.

Solution of Position No. 44, Vol. 28.

White.	Black.	Black.
1...25 to 22	10 to 14	29 to 25
2...1 6	15 Wins!	White wins.
3...6 10	14	(d) If 14 to 10, White wins.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 44, Vol. 28, received.

Enigma No. 45, Vol. 28.

BY I. D. J. S.

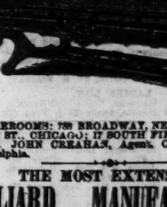
[Dedicated to learners.]

Black men on 6, 7, 8 and 24. Black King on 16. White men on 9, 17, 26 and 31. White King on 5. White to move and win.

Position No. 45, Vol. 28.

BY C. F. BAKER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

A CORRECTION.—In Position No. 44, Vol. 28, a White King should stand on No. 1, as solution will show.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A FREE ADVERTISEMENT, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

HOURS.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., intended for delivery in the United States and Canadas, must be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending S P. M. MONDAY, Jan. 24.

LADIES' LIST.

Adr.ms, May
Allen, Mrs. Frank
Barnes, Maude (6)
Barker, Mrs. Libbie J.
Baker, Mrs. P. F.
Bateman, Alice
Bessie, Maggie
Burt, Fannie L.
Bedell, Belle
Baker, Hattie
Bell, Mrs. J. (of Lorraine Comedy Co.)
Bond, Jessie (of Pirates of Penzance Co.)
Baldwin, Mrs. Clara
Chief, Jessie
Courtland, Helen
Cardigan, Cora (2)
Coogan, Kate
Clifton, Viola
Cavendish, Ada (2)
Carroll, May
Clare, Irene
DeCort, Ida
DeVere, Mabel
DeVoy, Josie 9c.
DeLouise, Emma
Darrow-Hart, Fannie
Donaldson, Daisie
Dale, Maggie
Eaton, Adelaide
Josephine
Edmonston, Flow
Foster, Maggie
Graham, Lillie
Garland, Grace (2)
Gaston, Zoe
Gardner, Kittie
Hayes, Mary
Howard, Carrie
Adams, Burton (of Washburn'sShow)
Anderson, Albert (2)
Aubrey, Robt. (4)
Alfredos, The
Arnold, Frank (2)
Austin, C. W.
Allen & Hart 9c.
Albion, Frank
Ashley, John
Aiken, J. E.
Aiken, Albert
Admiral Yale
Anderson, Prof.
Boak Bros.
Barton, Thos.
Banks, Wm.
Barnes, R. F.
Burnside, Thos.
Barton, John
Bentley, Major
Brockway, Levi
Bates, Frank
Benoit, Lucian
Bailey, J. A.
Barine, F.
Bryant, Harry
Barlow, Wilson, P. & W.
Bryan, H. C.
Byron, O. D.
Brandt, W.
Booker, Johnny
Brown, Orvil
Bertran, Gurd
Benjamin, L. P. (2)
Bennett, Frank
Barrett, J. H.
Bates, J. G.
Brown, E. B.
Barry, Johnny
Barnum, P. T. 12c.
Biscons, M.
Bates, John (leader)
Beach, Bobby
Bligh, James
Bohen, Geo.
Bouchelle, Dion
Boothby, Dave (4)
Bindley, Percy
Burgess, Col (2)
Bozenta, Ch.
Beedle & Prindle
Benlace, C. C. 9c.
Burgess, Neil
Bruno, A. J.
Barnes, James
Batcheler & Doris
Barnett, Alf.
Batchelor, W. H.
Browne, R. S. 3c.
Corgi, Geo.
Clark & Edwards
Carey, Geo.
Carter, J. W. (2)
Cooke, DeWitt
Cotton, Ben
Cody, Hon. W. F. (2)
Carroll, Z. T.
Chaplin, C. G.
Crawford Bros.
Conway & Farrell
Clarke, Harry
Cahill & Martin (3)
Crawford, Harry
Cogill, Frank W.
Campbell, Bartley (3)
Charles, J. B.
Callender, Chas.
Collins, C. B.
Cahill, W. S.
Cronnen, Wm.
Crowell, C. F.
Crandell, Archie
Corvella & Johnson
Cervell, Chas.
Crum, W. C. (2)
Clapham, P. J.
Conway, Carl
Cooper, F. A.
Cohan, Tim
Clifton, Harvey
Crane, E. M. (3)
Colvin, R. E.
Crawford, Jos. W.
Cogill, C. W.
Carew, Frank
Carr, Frank B.
Clarendon, G. F.
Cass, Morris
Cassady & John
Castello, Geo.
Clark, Harry
Dilks, James
Devine, Geo.
Donnelly, Drew
Dickeson, H. A.
Daly, Tom
Diggs, Jas.
DeMotte, James (2)
Diamond, Chas. (2)
Dunn, Wm. Thos. (2)
Dunbar, E. C.
Davis, C. L. (2)
Donaldson, John
DeVere, Billy
DuRell Bros.
Darwin, Harry
Dument, Frank
Davenport, Geo.
Daniels, J. C.
Dibolo, — (fire-demon)
Desmolo, Sig.
Emidy, James
Emeralds, The
Ewell, Four
Epply, — (manager)
Everett & Daily (2)
Ferguson, R. V.
Ford, Thos. R.
Flexon, A. W.
Fleury, Fernando
Fielding, Harry
Forrester, W.
Fletcher, Sam
Fenne, Henry
Forbes, Fred
Fox, Joseph
Fitzgerald, R. (3)
Freeman, G. W.
Forepaugh, A.
Farnum, Eugene
Fletcher, Robt. M.
Finlay, Mr. 9c.
Gilday, Chas.
Grady, G. G.
Gothhold, E. M.
Gillette, Harry
Gorman, Budd
Given, H. H.
Gibbons, Phil
Gill, T. (2)
Gallagher, Joe
Garnella, Robt.
Grover, Lt., J. H.
Guise, A.
Galen, Thos.
Gilbert, C. H.
Grady, F. H.
Gulick, James T.
Gregory & Donnelly
Gubbell, E. S.
Henry, F. S.
Hamilton, Harry
Horton, W. L.
Hopkins, Dan B.
Hodson, Jno. H.
Hines & Blossom
Herts, Chas. (3)
Hicks, C. B.
Hamilton, Jno.
Harrington, W. L.
McCall, E. C.
Morrell, A. S.
Mack, Lester
Meade, Jas. H.
Murdock, Allie
Meredith, Harry
Martin, Sam
Mackenzie, Archie (2)
Morton, Geo.
Mullen, Thos. (2)
Morse, H. M. or W. M.
Healey & Mackey
Mitchell, (manager)
McDonald, Chas.
Murphy, J. (Kerry Gow)
Mason & Rogers
Mendels, The
Moore, Thos.
Milford, J. H.
McDonald, Felix
Mack, Walter
Monock, C.
Marren, Andrew
McGlinchy, Ed. Ward
Mayer, Marcus A.
Murphy, Geo.
Milton, The
Morton, Red
Manley, Geo. W.
Maguire, John (manager)
Manchester & Jennings
Mack, Billy
Morton, Leavitt & Allen
Maxwell, Thos.
Nash, J. E.
North, Levi J.
Novelty Four, The
Nelson, Al.
Ornie ff & McDonald
Ohmer, Ernest
Oakley, Geo.
Owen, J. Wood
Oliver, J. S.
Patrick, J. C.
Powers, Jea
Perry & Lu-lu Ryan
Paine, Ira A.
Peters, F. (of Japanese Troupe)
Pic
Prank, J. J. 9c.
Paddock, H. T.
Philion, Arch
Pettit, Frank
Porter, Y. B.
Pedanto, Thos.
Pierce, James
Queen, Jas. W.
Quinn, Harry
Razzilla, Geo.
Ripleys, The
Rankins, The
Ripley & Reede (3)
Ryan, Joe
Robinson, Billy
Ripley, Wm.
Redmond & Blake
Roe, Harry W.
Rickards & Cupmar
Redmond, Joe
Reiss & Alton
Rankin Broa.
Ryland, Cliff
Rice, Col. J. H.
Russell, Joe
Richardson & Young
Richards, Geo.
Roma, — (costumer)
Reynolds & Walling
Roberts, N. D.
Recker, Emil
Richards, J. H. R.
Russell, W. Hilton
Rogers, John R.
Stevens, Ogden
Stevens & Gray
Steen, C. N. (2)
Sinn, Wm. H.
Spear, Jas. E.
Simons, Lew
Sullivan & Smith
Shelby, Jas. (4) 2c.
Smart, H. C.
Stevens, E. P.
Stetson, M. T. (3)
Scott, Robt. (2)
Smith, A. C.
Sylvester, Ben
Smith, E. P.
Stuart, Cyrus
Sharpley Brothers
Sherry, J. F.
Stone, or Gore, Frank (leader)
Steele, Oscar (2)
Sheehan Bros.
Smith, Sam
Smith, Neil
Smith, Ed. C.
Sage, W. F.
Saydam, Frank
Stevens, Geo. E.
Seery, Chas. (2)
Shay, Harry
Sullivan, J. P.
Sherries, Jacob. H.
Shelby, Percy
Stickney, Robt. (2)
Sweeney, J. F.
Scott, R. L.
Schiff, Max
Siegrist, August
Skill, O. E.
Stephens, Thos. 8c.
Stanley, Ernest
Saville, G. H.
Smith, Jas. P. 12c.
Surridge, J. H.
Stoddart, Geo.
Salisbury, O. E.
Tracy, Dan
Tissot, Jules
Tripp, Harry
Thompson, Den (2)
Thorne, Ernest
Turner, John M.
Thatcher, Ned
Talbott, Harry
Tripp, Geo.
Teets, Gus (leader)
Tannehill, Frank
Tyler, Ed.
Underhill, Chas.
Vose, Val
Valjean, J.
Vernanda, A. W.
Van Fossen, Warren
Vampier, Jean (2)
Weston & Hanson
Wood, Geo. (bones)
Williams, John A.
Washburn, L. W.
White, F. G.
West, Wm. H. 9c.
Wade, Eddie
Waldron, Rich
Wright, Harry
Whaling, Harry (3)
Wilbur & Holt
Welch, Chas.
Warren, Harry
Warhurst, Thos. (3)
Wilson, Fred
West, Wm. (pantomime)
Wade, Frank D.
Ward, F. C.
Warner's Baby Co.
Whidings, The
Welch, C. H.
Wesley, Jas.
Wentworth, Walter
Wilson, J. F.
Willett, Jr., J. B.
Wade, N. B.
White, Frank
Warburton, J. B.
Yaeger, Sam
Yaeger, H. J.
Young America
Zebold, Geo.

GENTLEMENS' LIST

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Litchfield (Ill.) Post-office for T. J. Chapman, Stanley, and Will Stinson, all of Boston Ideal Uncle Tom's Cabin Co.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[With a view of relieving the pressure upon our regular Answers to Correspondents' column, we propose hereafter to set here all replies to questions relating to amusements. Such queries as require no other matters will be answered in our regular columns, and should be written on separate slips of paper from those asking for information concerning amusements, answers to which will be made, orally, by mail or telegraph, to any question that we may have reason to think involves a dispute between individuals. All such will be answered publicly, through our columns.—ED. CLIPPER.]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

To Our Authorized Correspondents.

In the future please give all routes ahead of combinations upon separate *pieces of paper*, instead of embodying them in your letters.

DE WITT, Philadelphia.—We judge that Ophelia was intended by Shakespeare to be buried in the daytime. For scenic effect, however, she has frequently been represented on the stage as buried at night. The reason for this may have been that it was customary in her age to bury suicides in the night; but by reading the language of Shakespeare, in the burial scene, the priest of the Church regarded the manner of her death as a matter of some doubt, and gave her the benefit of it in several respects.

F. W. K., New London.—We might say that it is a matter of personal judgment only. For ourselves we would class a dancer as excellent who combines his training with more than ordinary skill, and one who is thoroughly reliable. Levy is uneven. At times we have heard him play in a slovenly amateurish way, and on other occasions with phenomenal skill and power.

J. MCK.—1. Wood's Minstrel Hall was for a time on the west side of Broadway, near Prince st. 2. The organization was for years Wood & Christy's (George) Minstrels. 3. If our memory serves, he first appeared with the Wood party when they were at 442 Broadway, near Bond.

G. C.—Charles Vandenhoff has played Dundreary at the Olympic, this city. As he modeled it after Sothern's, this may account for your believing that he had seen Sothern at that house so lately.

W. R., Albany.—Consult our advertising columns, in which each cards of agents may be found. We cannot tell you the weight of the heaviest acrobat ever known.

H. W.—You probably mean the burlesque by Evanelius. It was first played at Niblo's Garden, this city, about six years ago. Lydia Thompson never played in it in England, to our knowledge.

F. S., Birmingham.—It is useless to visit this city for any such purpose, unless there is here a manager who is either a relative or a very intimate friend of yours. There are hundreds of applicants for every vacancy.

WASHINGTON.—Joseph Murphy the actor used to be a minstrel; but we do not think that he has appeared as such within the past seven years.

S. D. S. JR., Montgomery County.—C loser. There was no negro known as Jim Crow among the performers in Wood street Opera house, Philadelphia, when Robert Fox had it.

C., Chicago.—There are hundreds of the same ambition as yourself. Consult the columns of the dramatic agencies that advertise in our columns.

SUBSCRIBER, Carroll County.—1. Before nine o'clock in the morning. 2. The oldest minstrel living is probably Dan Emmett.

T. F. C., Trenton.—The bill you have copied is of Aug. 29, 1868. At that time Charley White had 472 Broadway, Bryant's Minstrels having left it.

J. P.—It was at Duff's Broadway Theatre that "The Dukino" was played first of all.

W. E. E., Canandaigua.—Bernhardt will probably be here again in April.

SUBSCRIBER, Meadville.—Probably about twenty dollars a week.

C., Utica.—To manage a lime-light, which is used for illuminating purposes.

J. M. S., Kingston.—1 "Ouida" and Miss De La Rame are one. 2. We do not know.

W. B., St. Louis.—Sarah Bernhardt has never been in this country before.

J. H. H., Wilkesbarre.—Address Mme. Ivan Michels, care of THE CLIPPER.

H. T. S., Brooklyn.—See our negro-minstrel columns of issue of Jan. 24 last.

LUTHER, Troy.—We do not know what the seating capacity of the Amsterdam Opera-house is.

W. W. B., Philadelphia.—Master Barney is now of the two Barneys, the other being Barney McNulty.

C. S., Chicago.—Bogumil Dawison arrived in this city on Aug. 25, 1856.

F. W. D., Chicago.—A wins. Crosby's Opera-house, Chicago, was four stories high.

B. L., Greenville.—Your card in eight lines would cost $1.20 for each insertion.

D. Y. W., Brooklyn.—It has not been formed.

F. C. B., Hackensack.—Address Him in care of this office.

J. M. J., Belleville.—We do not.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Jan. 24, '81.

"Man, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority, plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep." These, dear friends, were the well-chosen words of Mr. Shakespeare when he was meting out "Measure for Measure" in the days that tried men's souls in the long, long ago. We propose, in this connection, to say that we, dear friends ..... We are sorry to say that we have lost our idea, and you will never know what *you* have lost by treachery on the part of our vivid recollection. Some of our best ideas, many of the greatest efforts of our life, have blighted out by the abrupt entrance of an apple-woman or the untimely presence of a flower-girl; such an infinitesimal thing as a vendor of pins has been known to chase away from our imagination the most beautiful and the most touching thoughts that ever gave vitality to the mind of man. But we are not here to complain, and will therefore close this digression in the words of William:

"Violent fires soon burn themselves out."

.....The past week was not a very good one for new plays, etc., and scarcely one out of the several presented to our notice achieved a well-merited success. "Humpty Dumpty," at the Standard, showed a few good features, but, taken as a whole, it gave but slight indication of a favorable run. "Olivette," at the Park, was a trifle off color on the opening night with probabilities that needed improvement may enable it to keep its end up in the near future. "Nisida," at Daly's, as a spectacular production, and as a work of art, was all that could be desired, but the dialogue was too lengthy, and the people awoke every hour o'clock in the morning. The Nautch girls and the Hindoo jugglers, whom we built our hopes upon, did not come up to expectations, the dancers failing to impress us with their alleged poetry of motion, and the jugglers not arriving at a favorable with Americans and others who have preceded them—Agoust, for instance, now with the Hanlon-Lees Troupe in London, and who are to appear in this city next Fall. If you desire to witness an almost perfect juggler, see Agoust and die. "The Creole," at the Union-square, fell as flat as Ross fell when Bibby gave him a clean back-fall last Wednesday night. These comprised the latest presentations, and our happiness would be very great if the facts warranted us in saying more cheerful things about them. We are growing more exacting every season —what suited us last year, may be ridiculed this; and what we admire and eulogize now, may be thrown aside as cumberers of the stage next year. Even the variety managers find it necessary to keep up a succession of changes, for that is one of the secrets of the popularity of the variety theatre. And negro minstrelsy, too, realizes that a change and a freshness from week to week render cork entertainments more interesting than ever. When the American eagle ..... But this is a campaign document.....Our friends of the sawdust-arena are mapping out their course for the coming circus campaign, as well as forming their companies, and putting everything in proper order so as to be ready to take to the fields when gentle Spring and its ethereal mildness invites them to move on. We believe the prospects to be good for a stirring campaign. Each concern intends to present attractions of an unusual character, and all the auxiliaries are intended to be of the first-class. It is now a conceded fact that American circuses and circus performers surpass those of all other nations. Our country cousins will greatly relish to when they learn that one more "show" thing is coming to town."..... So long, so long—it really does seem a long time ago since William Horace Lingard burst upon us as Capt. Jinks! William and the world have both changed since then, but now William is coming back. Not as Capt. Jinks-oh, no! He comes with "Stolen Kisses"—Paul Merritt's play—all the way from Australia. And here's a little song on his coming:

For quite a time he's lingered, has William Horace Lingard.

Across the briny ocean upon a foreign strand;
And we hope he may have fingered, economically fingered,
A satisfying quantity of what is known as sand.

For small is very useful in the case of sorrow,
And it makes man's nature juicyful when he's not obliged to borrow!

But notwithstanding knowledge misses, a curious rumor this is
Concerning our sweet William—the Capt. Jinks of yore—
For unless report amiss is, he comes with "Stolen Kisses"—

With kisses he has stolen from the far Australian shore!
And to make the bliss completer, if the truth we rightly
These kisses will be sweeter, and all because of Merritt!
But, really, William Horace, for a man whose head not
Is
But who in gorgeous costume was a "masher" on the stage—
Is it fair for one whose score is to mash, and who the more is
Enabled from his calling to make himself the rage—
Is it fair for you to try 'em, these really wicked kisses,
While we shall have to buy 'em, or get no "Stolen Kisses?"
.....St. Louis is crowing over Chicago like anything. A snowman has been modelled which he calls a real mermaid, caught by a diver who was hunting for the treasure of Capt. Kidd, lost as he sailed, as he sailed, lost by Captain Kidd as he sailed. The funny part of it is that St. Louis *believes* in the alleged gen-uine-ness of the mermaid, as evidenced by the showman who never told a lie. But St. Louis will feel very cheap when we assure her that the mermaid was exhibited here only a few years ago, and that it is composed of an aged monkey, with the tail of a fish gilded and the whole affair fusion complete. Chicago has now a chance to get the bulge on the other town.....Mayor Stokley has again been put in nomination for a re-engagement in Philadelphia. Mayor Stokley's war to the knife against variety theatres and similar places of entertainment in that city, has made some enemies as bitter as gall; and, as was said of the vindictive and overexacting Shylock: "How can he hope for mercy, rendering none?" and so say we all of us.....If you want a pet elephant for your children, read an advertisement in our business department, by which it will be seen that a gentleman of Liverpool, Eng., offers for sale a "mammoth elephant, which, although only nine feet high, is "as gentle as a lamb." On speaking to "Our Jim" about it, he says he would prefer to take his chances with a lit'e lamb.....It is with sorrow we are called upon to announce the fact that the whole of last week "the villain still pursued her" at Thatcher & Ryman's Minstrel Hall in Philadelphia. And this persecution has been going on in different portions of the country for a long time. Are there no police-officers in Philadelphia, or no societies for the prevention of cruelty?.....Not being able to secure the mantle of Edwin Forrest, J. McCullough, while in Washington, has been "trying on" Joseoe Cowling, as we might say, but found him a trifle too thin for his purpose.....The presentation of "The Creole" at the Union-square Theatre last week was *not* an "instantaneous success." There does not seem to be the same strength in the Union that there used to be. Surely in London they are criticising Edwin Booth very closely indeed. With his Hamlet they were not at all pleased; his Richelieu gave them pause; his Bertuccio in "The Fool's Revenge" startled the critics into more than faint praise; while in Othello failed to paralyze them. Mr. Booth is too much of a gentleman and a scholar to complain of this "ar'sand-ar'f sort of criticism, and will be the gainer by it in the end. His London engagement is out flat. Wait!.....In consequence of the revival of three-story bonnets in places of amusement, a mass-meeting is talked of for the purpose of adopting some measures by which the devilish contrivance may be put down and forever removed out of sight. Men, we have borne with this nuisance long enough, and it is high time that our grievances were redressed. Let us rise in our might, and make the common cause against this abomination of a bonnet. If we cannot secure our rights by fair means, let us do as the reform politicians are alleged to be doing—smash the machine. Hooray!

If a body meet a body with a bonnet high,
Should a body kick a body 'fore he sees a body by?
Or should a body "shoot the hat," while on a lady's head,
Would a body hoot the lady who thus her bonnet wore?

.....Another piano-factory was destroyed by fire at an early hour on the morning of Wednesday. Truly, the avenging spirit is abroad.....One night last week, in front of Niblo's Garden, there was an impromptu fistic set-to between Edward Gilmore, one of the managers, and a ticket-speculator. It proved a very pleasant interlude, and we can't see why they don't introduce this kind of business on the stage. A couple of good sparrers, skilful and well matched—no baby-play, mind you—would crowd the house like a box of pills.....And there was a tussle at the London, in the Bowery, the same night, between a man named Grace, who was "under the influence," and an officer of the house. When the officer was obliged to subjugate the unruly man by a free use of his club, "Our Jim," who witnessed the unpleasantness, quietly remarked: "Grace, you're a charming name for a man!" .....If there was going to be war between Pony Moore's Christy's Minstrels and Haverly's Mastodons in London. When Pony, according to the Mastodons' invitation, counted 'em, and found forty, as stated, he was overheard to say: "Oh, thunder!" and did say unto them: "Lo! I will see thee, and go thee twenty better, which is the *half* of forty, and will drive thee into the sea." So he increased his forces; yea, even unto seventy, at cold, and prepared to start the Abomaliques on the proposed aquatic excursion; but the Mastodons, with General Foote at their head, did arise and say unto Pony: 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." And lo! the genial Pony came no more, and the two armies are biting their thumbs at each other in a quiet way.....Somewhere in Geneva, this State, somebody has a baby, five weeks old, which weighs only five pounds. Let the happy parents confine it to that figure, and make a show of it. To attain that object, give the infant little or nothing to eat! There's money in it.....She is an amateur, and was practicing the Bernhardt fall, but she didn't make her calculations as to the surface she would cover in going down: so she went it blind, struck the back of her head on an iron chowder-pot, and was paralyzed worse than ever any song-and-dance artist had chanced her. She now wears her head in a sling, and has given up her fall trade forever.....A man who takes the chances and speculates in almost every novelty that comes along asks us whether we believe such a venture as the presentation of imitation Nautch girls would pay. Well, there is a bare possibility of a good article doing cleverly in this country. Before he begins his work he had better visit Williamsburg, Long Island, and see if Mr. Barnum's original Nautch-girl factory in operation there. Williamsburg is an enterprising place, and stands away over every other city in the rise, progress, and manufacture of natural curiosities. Oh, Williamsburg it is a place of genuine renown, [alone]: For manufacturing novelties she stands almost alone She made Pemmett's sarsaw in eighteen fifty-three, And genuine Albright is turned out in barrels by the-see: Circassian girls find there a home, living skeletons like-wise.

The woolly horse first there was seen, which caus-ed much surprise;
And here we, state a solemn fact, with no ado or fuss:
'Twas in that grand old burg was made G. Washington's first suss [sarse].

So clear I may now stand aside, the dusty head it whirls
While looking o'er its latest work, the original Nautch girls.
.....There is some talk of bringing over to this country "Billee Taylor." Our actors must be careful how they take part in this Gilbert-and-Sullivan few weeks ago, in London, a comedian named Souder, who did the part of the Boatswain one night, *died The next day!* Therefore, we say, beware of "Billee Taylor."

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

It is understood that E. A. Sothern died of inflammation of the lungs and kidney complaint allied.....The weekly Bernhardt bulletin is thus at hand by telegraph, the same as the blizzard had floored the wires: Total receipts of her second and last week in Chicago, $28,909; total for the two weeks in that city, $44,258; total for the eleven weeks of her American tour, $245,359.....The tumble-down portion of Madison-square Garden is rebuilding, and will be finished in ample time for the Arion ball, this on Feb. 21.....The mother of Thomas Francis Meagher the actor has charge of the Academy of Music boxes for the ball to be given there on Feb. 9 in aid of St. John's Guild.....Matt Morgan, late manager and bandmaster of the Seventy-first Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., has published a big poster announcing that he will join the Central Park with concert-music all next Summer.....Miss Ada Cavendish is still ill in this city.....It is supposed that the first legal point of the inquest of the Theatre Royal, Leicester, Eng., on Jan. 4, while "Cinderella" was drawing to a close, a woman who was sitting at the Skidmore Guards fell over in front of the gallery to the parquet, after which she threw herself over, but caught in the brass railings, and finally landed in the vacant seats in the pit, and escaped with only a slight bruise.....Miss Teresa Esmonde, who was an actress of much merit some years ago, died in this city on Jan. 19, in Brooklyn on Jan. 25.....Fresh scandal is impending in Paris. Maurice Sand, has begun in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the publication of the memoirs of his mother, George Sand; and among them, he announces, will be all that Alfred De Musset wrote to the woman which had been cut out of practice for some time. William Hayden, the clown, having recovered from his illness, again donned the motley. Among the novelties he presented were three automaton figures, respectively about the size of a six-year-old boy, which he caused to perform a series of acrobatic and posturing feats that were quite lifelike, besides being highly comical. Tony Denier introduced similar figures to our public several years ago, but since then great improvements have been made in the *automata*. Mlle. Martha by reason of illness did not appear during a portion of the week, and in her stead Herr Naaygard exhibited his skill in a tandem menage act. Frank Melville closed Jan. 15.....Business is steadily increasing, and the audiences are very enthusiastic.

TONY PASTOR presents plenty of fresh attractions weekly to his audiences, and they in return accord him a liberal patronage. Among the latest were Kitty McDermott in songs, reels and jigs; Clark and Edwards gave impersonations of Swiss peasants, introducing songs, guitar solos, etc.; Paddy and Ella Murphy each assumed three characters in "The Irishman Abroad;" the Rawls Sisters pleased, as usual, in "Love in the Country;" Fanny Beane and Charles Gilday furnished plenty of amusement in their latest act, called "Spices;" Field and Leonard's success is still unabated, as do songs-and-dances, with rapid changes of attire; Frank Bennett and Lida Gardner were seen in "The Kitchen Domestics;" and John Morris acted a leading character in a new burlesque entitled "Mazeppa," or Don Juan in a Modern Circus. The other acts were Dan Collyer in the sketch of "Fooling With the Wrong Man;" also in an act called "Nonsense;" songs by Tony Pastor, Lillian Russell and Florence Merton; and the specialties of the French Twin Sisters.

PEOPLE WITH MONEY IN THEIR HANDS anxious to purchase tickets to see "Hazel Kirke" in the Madison-square Theatre on the night of Jan. 19 had to be turned away from the box-office unsatisfied, because the auditorium was already crowded. No sadder sight from a managerial point of view can be witnessed. We dropped into the auditorium again on the following night, and could hardly obtain standing-room, and yet that was the 365th consecutive performance of that drama in that theatre. On Feb. 4 the anniversary of the opening of the theatre with "Hazel Kirke" will be celebrated, when an elegant souvenir will be presented to those in attendance. All of the seats for that night have already been sold.

THE NEW COMPLICATIONS to the programme at Harry Miner's Theatre included the Rankins in their act entitled "The Amateur Rehearsal," Reynolds and Walling in "Con-amore," Pat Reilly in Irish eccentricities, Edith Sinclair and Ed. F. Rush in a sketch of "Paint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," Lester and Williams as "The Actors," the Carroll Brothers in comicalities, Turner, Welch and Harris in the interlude "The Wash Day," Valjean in juggling feats and introducing his wonderful dancing dog Charles and Ella Reed in a sketch called "Comedy," and the Vidocqs in grotesque dances. Billed Jan. 24: Ella Wesner, Manchester and Jennings, Frank McNish and the Leland Sisters, Lucy Adams and Ada Forrest.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS IN COURT.—A suit against D. S. Wambold, Charles Backus, Wm. Birch and Wm. H. Bernard, brought by Charles E. Benedict to recover $1,000 damages, came up for trial in the Marine Court Jan. 20. In 1873 Samuel Shapter bought of the defendants a quantity of scenery in their old hall, now Tony Pastor's Theatre, valued at $800. Shapter asserts that the defendants had no legal title in the property at the time of the sale. Subsequently Shapter went into bankruptcy, and his assignee assigned this claim, with others, to the plaintiff. The case was adjourned until Jan. 24.

AMONG THE NUMEROUS ATTRACTIONS at Dick Parker's American Theatre may be mentioned the Jacksita-ch's Japanese Troupe in their wonderfully-executed posturings and Ella Wesner in her male character-songs, which came in for a liberal share of approval. The new faces for the current week include Fanny Beane and Charles Gilday, the Davises, Pettitt and White, Fred. Roberts, and Maggie Weston in the rama of "D. D., or Dora the Detective."

THE PROGRAMME PROVIDED at the Volks' Garden included the following new faces: May Antonio in feats on the slack wire, the Hull Twin Sisters in duets, Maud Morrissey in popular songs, Crossley and Elder in Caledonian sports, Chas. A. Loder in character specialties, Sam Holdsworth in character songs, Tom Morrissey in jig-dances, Guy Linton in comic vocalism, and Julian Kent as Wild Bill in the border drama of that title. The Mendels, Redmond and Blake, Gibson and Welch, Morello Brothers, Harry Clark, Carrie Boshell and Chas. Thornton begin Jan. 24.

THE FRESH FEATURES at the National Theatre were Ada Lanier's popular songs, Max and Martha Miller's German sketch "Going to the Picnic," Henderson and Morton's Irish songs-and-dances, the Morello Brothers' acrobatic act, Earnest and Healy's banjo-duets, Walter Phœnix's songs, Harry Clark's Irish comicalities, Lillie Smith's serio-comic songs, and Frank Jones and Alice Montague in the drama "The Black Hand," Bernard Sloman, Foster and Hughes and the Vidocqs are new this week.

THE FACES OF BILLY BIRCH and Charley Backus are beaming with good nature, the result of the liberal patronage accorded their San Francisco Minstrels. The changes included "Our Jack's Come Home," sung by H. W. Prillman; "Sweetest Story I Ever Heard," by W. H. Hamilton; and the revival of "Othello," one of the funniest burlesques which they have presented in a long time. Backus' caricature of Salvini is admirable, and Birch's Desdemona is "just too funny for anything." When he disrobes behind a screen, and stockings, a hoop-skirt, a blonde wig, and other articles of female attire appear on its top at intervals the spectators scream with laughter.

AT BUNNELL'S MUSEUM some Chinese musicians discovered the kind of music that is popular in the Flowery Kingdom for the first time during the past week. The arrival of Admiral Dot and Major Atom, two dwarfs, Jan. 24, when contrasted with Chang and Goshen, will show to what extremes nature will go. Eva Chapin, a blind vocalist, will be added to the attractions of the Museum.

TONY PASTOR has in preparation a burlesque of "The Pirates of Penzance," which he will produce with the new scenery, costumes, etc. The principals in the cast are to be selected from the best musical artists on the variety stage, and the policemen will be represented by well-known Irish comedians. The libretto is partly local.

"THE MULLIGAN GUARD'S NOMINEE" continues to float on the topmost wave of popularity, and the Theatre Comique nightly resounds with boisterous mirth.

GUS WILLIAMS and his combination closed their season in the Grand Opera-house with the expired week. "Our German Senator," which continued the attraction, was freshened on the occasion of Mr. Williams' benefit, Jan. 21, by the introduction of fresh songs, recitations, and specialties, and has been considerably increased, and is under C. Von Schiller's direction. The full cast embraces: Captaine De Merimac, Ed. Marble; Valentin, Chas. Lang; Marcejol, Edward Connell; Postiche, Henry Dixon; Dubois, Harry Courtaine; Le Grandmellet, Wm. Davidge Jr.; Bathilde, Julia Polk; Olivette, Marie Conron; Veloutine, Sarah Lasselle; Canaterre, De Joyeux, Foliesamours, Misses Breen, Ring, Hall and Thompson; Fricandeau, Marco Stuart; La Baronne De Verptre, Lizzie Newman; Mlle. De Cernay, Mlle. De Montjoie, Mlle. De Lenoir, Misses E. Champneys, Sherwood and Devere; Coralie, Louise Fox; Jeanne, Cora Cassade; Suzanne, Helen Griffiths; Monsieur, Sophie Hummel; L'Ecureuil, Mistigris, Lartimon, Ruby Thornton, Miss Richards and Henry Hayes; Roussole, Loup-de-Mer, J. Pelham and Mr. Randall; Caton, Mr. Richette, Master Ed. Blake, Master Willie Blake and Annie Gardner. The company is completed by Jas. C. Duff for the presentation of this work, and it is to be regretted that it does not come up to the same mark of merit that Manager H. E. Abbey usually sets for his tasteful and powerful artists are in correspondence with the committee.

JOHN B. DONNIKER, who has been in a hospital for some time past suffering from a fractured leg, has been discharged, and will resume his position as musical-director at the London Theatre Jan. 24.

REFUSED.—Charles McGeachy recently applied to the Mayor for permission to give entertainments by his company of juveniles called the Grand Infanta, but the request was refused, because some of the children were to take part in dances.

TWO ELECTRIC LIGHTS have replaced the clusters of gaslights in front of Daly's Theatre, and Manager Henderson displays a single light over the portico of the Standard Theatre.

WALLACK'S THEATRE LEASED.—Ad. Neuendorff, manager of the Germania Theatre, during the past week purchased the unexpired lease of Wallack's Theatre from Mr. Astor.....who owns the real estate—an extension of the lease for a period of eight years. He will open it in September with a strong German company, and intends presenting several stars of repute.

W. H. GILLETTE will be the business-manager of the Madison-square Theatre.

THE DIFFERENCES existing between the Messrs. Mallory, proprietors of the Madison-square Theatre, and Steele Mackaye are in a fair way of being amicably settled.

FOR THE LAST WEEK of Emma Abbott's English-opera Troupe in Haverly's Fifth-avenue Theatre the repertory is "The Chimes of Normandy" Jan. 24 and matinee 29, "Bohemian Girl" 25, "Martha" matinee 26 and night 29, "Mignon" 27, "Lucia" 28.

NO CHANGE in the attractions will be made at present at the Theatre Comique.

CHARLES H. DUNCAN, motto and comic vocalist, is to join the San Francisco Minstrels Jan. 24.

"THE BLACK VENUS" continues the attraction at Kitsio's Garden.

AT THE PARK THEATRE "Olivette" is the current attraction.

As DORE LITTINGE, supported by Cyril Searle and a company, is underlined for an early appearance in "Drink" at the Standard Theatre, "Bigamy" must shortly be withdrawn.

AT THE MADISON-SQUARE THEATRE, "Hazel Kirke."

MRS. JOHN T. RAYMOND, who arrived from England early in January, is at present confined to her hotel, being quite ill.

"XANINA, OR THE ROVER OF CAMBAYE," Augustin Daly's new musical-comedy effort, founded on Genee's comic opera "Nisida," received its first representation at Daly's Theatre Jan. 18, and may prove successful after a liberal use of the pruning-knife and an overhauling generally. There is an overplus of material presented; enough, indeed, for a couple of ordinary pieces as regards length, and the impression it left after the first night's performance was a most bewildering one, in which gorgeous scenic effects, handsome dressing, a liberal display of attractive accessories, a not very clearly-defined story, filled with a cheap kind of music and Mollenhauer's introductions of Teutonic melodies and musical reminiscences of the minstrel and variety stage, made up a potpourri that had at least the recommendation that there is something to suit many tastes. It is not an opera-bouffe, a comedy or a variety or minstrel show, but in its present shape is a sort of nondescript. That much of it will be cut away we have no doubt, and that there will be a more consistent piece of workmanship after a few nights' performances is certain. The heroine in this version has her adventure in India, instead of Cuba, as in the original, and there is consequently every chance for handsome stage pictures of tropical luxuriance. In the first act the scene represents the port at Cambaye, by Hughson Hawley, and is a fine picture of Eastern scenery and architecture; and for the two following acts James Roberts has painted two handsomely-green drops, one representing the Imperial Bungalow on the Delhi road, and the other a shore scene on a river, both full of the color and effect of tropical plants and flowers. The fury of a hurricane at the close of the second act is remarkably well worked out, palm-trees are swept away, buildings demolished, and amid the crashing of thunder and lightning flashes the curtain falls on a picture of ruin. In this act, also, we have the incidental East Indian show of the Hindoo juggler and the Nautch girls. To say the least, they are both tiresome and unattractive. The jugglers indulge in knife-throwing, which we have seen much more cleverly done; bird-shooting, the performer balancing a small bush, filled with wooden birds, on his forehead, while with a spring-gun held in his mouth he shoots them off one by one; growing rice from grains of sand; changing a rag-baby into pigeons; and the Indian basket trick. There is nothing new in their performances, and they are done slowly, are filled with talk, and wearisome. The Nautch girls, four specimens of diminutive humanity—two of them look more like animated samples from some mummy museum—after an interminable and monotonous song, indulge in a few steps and a few movements from the Nautch dance, or what is called so; for it differs from some of the accounts that have been written of the features of this peculiar dance. It proved very uninteresting and tedious. The whole of the Hindoo show could be omitted to the advantage of the play, and relegated to its place in an exhibition of curiosities, where it properly belongs. The music, popularly so called, will receive very little cons

NUARY 29, 1881.

NCISCO, CAL., our correspondent's sements dated Jan. 15 is as ap- on,' a lot of trash jumbled together and e name of a play, has, despite the scor retained at the Alcazar on Bush Sald. play is destitute of plot, and if it cribed to it in England the people there terested. De Rumiéres, Mme. Mea; Mrs. Clarkson, on any stage, a new play by Mes- ld called 'Wedded by Fate.' There has e interest manifested in its success, as re well known here, especially in musi- cles.....'Ixion' lost its attraction at d drew only slim audiences during 'Queen's Evidence' was produced at s announced as the attraction for the Freeman is cast as Moses Abrams, the by James O'Neil in the adaptation pre- 's under the name of "Proof Positive,' street Theatre the revival of 'The Fi- e' enabled Emelie Melville as Mabel and e Sergeant to appear to such excellent to cover the multitudes of sins of in- ompetency of the rest of the cast. To e success of the opera. Alonzo Hatch al do not advance very rapidly in t of the patrons of this theatre, the actually losing instead of advanc- avor. His acting of the Police Chief y, and his broken pronunciation many 'Girofle-Girofla' will be presented 17. the energy and able management of in securing first-class talent, the Bella of the most attractive and best patron- usement in the city. Standing room o obtain, and hundreds are turned away Sunday nights. Of the newcomers, Sam ved the greatest encouragement, and has proved active card. With the quaint originality ity dialogue and humorous jokes, his ly only made a decided hit, but has roved his claim to be the best of all that ed in his line of business in this city. inging and dancing have not been excellence expected, but, doubtless, she uch better advantage when her nerv- peared. Sheridan and Reilly have not , but have done fairly in their specialties in his imitation of birds and animals his contortion specialties never fail to house. The Duncan Sisters nightly vorable impression they early created, e artistic Harry Montague materially ery pleasant evening's entertainment. in his original songs His new after- 'Frisco' will receive its first representa- t by no means least, Harry Le Clair is ure. 'Fun at Long Branch' will be pre- Athalet the wantriloquist made his first e Adelphi 8, and made a success. His in- ize figures and wooden puppets, which gency seem possessed not only of the but the ability to move their eyes and mand of their master. Dick Thornton also ed

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